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VOL. 8 No. 6.

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SIR PHIROZSHAH MEHTA ROAD, FORT, BOMBAY

Editor: BABURAO PATEL

A Nation's Headache

In a letter to Miss Rita Carlyle, Secretary to the Editor, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has tried to confuse the issue of his discourtesy to Newsreelman Hirlekar by suggesting that the Editor should have inquired about the incident from him before commenting.

Pandit Jawaharlal would not be surprised to know that we had written a letter to him previous to our criticism, but as yet no reply has been received to that letter. Perhaps, this silence is to be attributed to Jawaharlal's usual lofty indifference.

However, in the present letter to Miss Carlyle, Jawaharlal seems to be hurt and objects to "the kind of language and comments" which we have used in criticising the great Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Mahatma Gandhi's heir.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

Jawaharlal's anger amuses us. Of all politicians in our country Jawaharlal Nehru should be the last man to complain about strong language. He is perhaps the only public leader who uses the strongest language possible without even the pretence of hiding his annoyance and anger. He expects people to swallow all that he says about them, but when it is his turn to hear, it seems, he just can't take it.

Here is an example of his latest political wisdom. In a press statement discussing the ban on "Pratap", a Lahore paper, Pandit Jawaharlal writes:

"This is a very remarkable order and only the clogged and panicky brain of the Punjab Government could have devised it——

"We have got bored and tired with the incompetence in every respect of our provincial and Central Governments. It is trying to be ruled by persons who do not even possess a minimum of intelligence and efficiency."

Look at Motilal with an ear-ring. He acts the prince charming in "Arman", a Ranjit picture.

In this outburst, Jawaharlal seems to be taking the entire monopoly of intelligence and efficiency. Let us see what the principal victim of Jawaharlal's outburst thinks of Jawaharlal.

Replying to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, The Hon. Sir Sikander Hayat Khan, the Premier of the Punjab says:

"I was pained but not surprised at Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's astounding statement regarding the imposition of pre-censorship on the "Pratap". The statement bristles with mis-statements of facts and seems to have been based, obviously, on tainted or biased information.

"I do not propose to comment on the language used by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in his statement except to say this, that such conceited arrogance ill becomes the son of that great gentleman and patriot who was an outstanding example of Indian culture, and who won the esteem of his countrymen irrespective of caste and creed by his unfailing courtesy and generous hospitality."

We do not wish to take sides in this controversy. We are merely pointing out the language used by our politicians.

The Hon. Sir Sikander Hayat Khan gets unexpected support in his appreciation of Pandit Jawaharlal from no less a person than Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramiah, veter Congressman and Andhra leader and a colleague of t great Pandit.

Writes Dr. Pattabhi:

"Jawaharlal's intense excitability and unbalanc emotionalism account for his rapid decisions....seldo does he take a suggestion from others and not seldo does he brush them aside with contempt.

"He is supremely conscious of his talents....a therefore evinces the superiority complex which sprin natural to him....but there lurks somewhere in hi an inferiority complex as well—he would not like be considered inferior even to Gandhi.

"Jawaharlal begins his discussions with a thund abuses everybody about him, curses the temperament his countrymen, criticises Gandhi's religio-ethical rhod montade, speaks about Russia. Spain and China, a creates the disturbance that a crocodile causes in thig deep waters when its prey, on whom it has a firm ho makes a gentle attempt to escape from its grip.

"It is all slush, mud, eddies and whirlpool splas ing and beating. Presently Jawaharlal calms down, a chooses a concrete victim for his vehement diatribes.

"If any biographer has recorded his exploits at pu lic meetings from Tinnevelly to Peshawar and fr Karachi to Sylhet, the list would make one feel agha The wonder is that people have suffered them all—r

Maya Bannerjee thunders through "Avaz" a Saraswa picture now at Swastik Talkies, Bombay.

without secret resentment or open retaliation on occasions.

"Why should I not lose my temper?" asks Jawaharlal boyishly.

"Because you must look elegant and not put on a funeral face or a castor oil countenance", I answer.

"Why should I be humble—I don't understand humility" he adds.

"Because humility irradiates character" is my answer. "All sacrifice shines to greater advantage and all service bears better fruit when anger is subdued and humility is cultivated.

"Jawahar is fifty-two. It is time he grew sober like most men who reach that age. He is aware of his shortcoming and that is the surest guarantee that one day he will turn a new leaf in his book of character."

But Jawaharlal does not seem to be turning a new leaf in his book of character. He only gives a new apology.

Very recently, he misbehaved, as usual, at the Allahabad Station but luckily realized his mistake in good time.

In a letter of apology to Mr. Moolchand Malaviya, Secretary of the Hindu Sabha, Allahabad, Pandit Jawaharlal writes:

"Now I am writing to you to apologise to you. At night when I met you at the station I treated you very badly and used improper language towards you. I am sorry for this. I was of the opinion that a black flag demonstration by the Hindu Sabha was an improper thing. Those who came to our city did not come for propaganda in the city; they came for a sitting of the Working Committee and were our guests. I felt very much hurt my guest should have been insulted. But even in this condition, I should not have uttered improper words that I uttered and used towards you."

Didn't we say before that of all people Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Mahatma Gandhi's heir, should be the last man to complain about the strong language we used in our comment.

We do not, at least, abuse and use improper language towards guests which the non-violent Mahatma's violent heir seems to do so frequently.

We are afraid Jawaharlal Nehru has started thinking a bit too much of himself lately as he has been giving frequent performances of his good breeding and social education which he seems to have taken in England.

It is high time that Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru should learn some good manners; till he does so he will remain a headache to the nation.

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues We write in water". (Shakespeare).

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This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but still they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

REALLY A GALLANT EFFORT

At last after two years of struggle to produce something sensible, the Film Advisory Board has produced its first really worth-the-trouble short film called "Our Gallant Effort".

In the hands of any other man except Shantaram, this clever assemblage of historical shots would have become just one more vehicle for further imperialist propaganda. In a documentary picture like "Our Gallant Effort" the commentary is of vital importance. An unsympathetic commentary will change the story and twist the purpose.

Strangely enough, for the first time in India, a Government short film is carrying a commentary which the Nationalist element in the country would gladly endorse.

The credit for the popularity of this short film must therefore be given to Shantaram, because the work of getting a suitable commentary written, using and editing the necessary material and in other ways giving a popular and sympathetic colour to a film, is all done by Shantaram.

Director Ezra Mir, who collected the topical material has, no doubt, done a good job of it, seeing the variety of shots obtained by him. But in a documentary like "Our Gallant Effort", the story is built in the editing rooms and expression given to it in the commentary. And that is exactly where we need a man of nationalist ideals to look after the traditions of our country.

"Our Gallant Effort" is quite a unique film and though it frames in celluloid the failure of Sir Stafford Cripps' mission in India, the film will prove a great document of historical importance in years to come. Almost every public leader of importance from Mahatma Gandhi down to Fazlul Huq of Calcutta takes his turn before the camera and the film, inspite of its apologetic message, claims the personal interest of almost every person in the audience, whatever the colour and shade of his politics.

Again for the first time for F.A.B., the commentary work was suitably handled. Not only was the commentary well written but it was also spoken in a sympathetic way and in a tone which Indians are used to understand. It was a job well done by Professor N. S. Phadke.

In short, "Our Gallant Effort" is perhaps the first F.A.B. film worth paying to see.

INEFFICIENT DISTRIBUTION

Writing of the Film Advisory Board, we are reminded of a lot of things which could well be reorganized in the light of present times.

While the production department under Shantaram seems to be gradually organizing itself for a total effort, we cannot say the same of the distribution side.

The distribution department is controlled by one Mr. L. T. Shivdasani who, as is usual with Government post holders, had no previous experience of film distribution, nor had he any personal contacts with the exhibitors.

And though the F.A.B. films are given free to exhibitors, we do not find them at several cinemas in the city and the suburbs.

During our recent visit to Poona, we saw "Our Gallant Effort" being shown at two obscure cinemas

She is coming on fast. Nalini Jaywant in "Ankh Michowli", an Amar picture.

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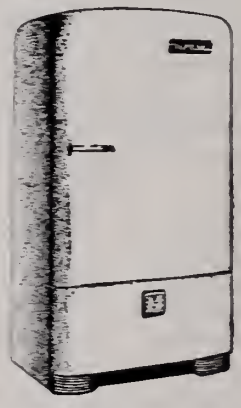
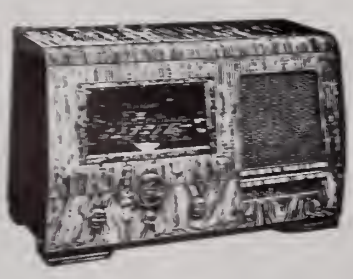
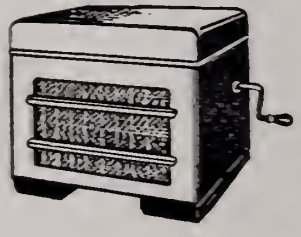




If you would have the unquestioned best-whether in RECORDS, GRAMOPHONES, RADIO or REFRIGERATORS you must have "H.M.V."



HIS MASTER'S VOICE

RECORDS • GRAMOPHONES • RADIO • REFRIGERATORS

Urmilla in "Tamasha" a social picture of Soubhagya Pictures.

in the city, while the important cinemas, which usually draw the crowds were as usual, showing "Mickey Mouse" and "Donald Duck".

When the story of distribution is so dismal within range of Mr. Shivdasani's personal supervision, we wonder what it must be like with cinemas in the interior of the country. We presume that over 75 per cent of the cinemas in the country have had no chance of showing any F.A.B. shorts seeing that Mr. Shivdasani can not effect proper distribution in towns under his very nose.

We understand that there is a great demand, due to Shantaram's personal popularity for Shantaram productions of the F.A.B. And yet, a splendid film like "Our Gallant Effort" had to be shown at obscure cinemas in Poona.

What is this fellow Shivdasani doing?

We would like to have some statistical information about the distribution of the F.A.B. films. May we know the number of copies shown at different cinemas with names of the towns and the approximate coverage and also the number of people who have seen the F.A.B. shorts, so far?

We do not think, the F.A.B distribution department has kept any statistics of its work Usually Government departments do not keep evidence of their inefficiency.

Another aspect of this distribution which has come to our notice is the utter indifference of some of the more prominent exhibitors in the city. We understand that some of the leading exhibitors refuse to exhibit the F.A.B. shorts on one pretext or other. Mr. Shivdasani can, hardly, be expected to induce such people to exhibit the films. He lacks personal contacts which are so essential in a work of this nature.

Why can't the Government however, make the exhibition of F.A.B. shorts a compulsory affair? It is only a matter of one communique under the Defence of India Rules.

Now that the F.A.B. has become an inevitable item of public expenditure, let the people see at least what is being done with the money paid in taxes every year.

We want to know from Sir Frederick Puckle, the big noise in Delhi, whether we are fighting or fooling through this war.

If this is a total war, as we are told hundred times a day, why the hell don't we put in a total effort in every direction?

Yes, Sir Frederick, we need one more Defence of India regulation to make our exhibitors show our war shorts for which our tax payers are footing the bill. And we also need a change in the distribution department of the Film Advisory Board. Give us someone less soft and more efficient than L. T. Shivdasani.

Why not place this department also under Shantaram and turn it into a beehive of regular work?

UNIMAGINATIVE PUBLICITY

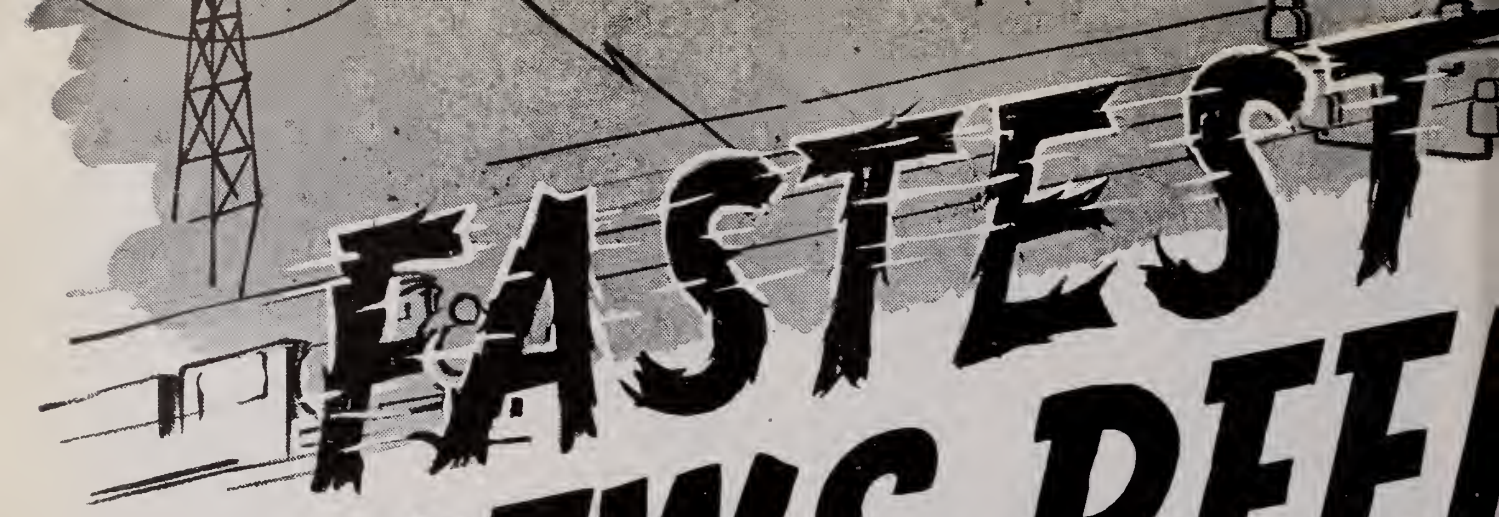
There is another small matter to which we should like to draw the attention of the Film Advisory Board people.

Recently, newspapers all over the country have been receiving press circulars about the work of the F.A.B.

In one of the circulars, some G. A. Thakur, Publicity officer of the Board describes Shantaram as "master film-craftsman" and we are told that he is an "optimist of the first order", "whose useful messages are echoing into the hearts of millions."

Now who should blush: Shantaram, Sir Federick Puckle or Thakur?

This purely feminine situation in "Arman" is intended to rivet male attention in this Ranjit picture.



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Is this stupid effort to be taken as publicity? If Shantaram is to be called a "master craftsman" let the world in general say so. Why has the Board's Publicity Officer to rub it in?

Why make Shantaram a laughing stock of the country?

No one disputed Shantaram's talents. "filmindia" has always boosted them. But let us have something more modest.

If the Publicity Officer does not know what and how to say things, can't they get someone with a little more imagination and a little more modesty?

Here, we appeal to Mr. Thapar to see that people working directly under him do not make fools of themselves.

The silly stuff that comes out periodically from the publicity department of the F.A.B. only helps to provide some cheap laughter at the lunch tables of the journalists. And it is hardly necessary to mention, that no one publishes it.

"THEY MET IN BOMBAY"

Sometime back, it was reported that the Metro picture, "They Met In Bombay" was being held up by the military authorities for reasons of their own.

It has, however, been released now, being o.k'd by everyone including our worthy censors.

The picture portrays the story of a professional thief who steals a famous diamond, meets a sweetheart, escapes, is chased by a Bombay policeman to Shanghai, is drawn into the vortex of war, smuggles himself into the army as a captain, obtains the Victoria Cross, returns the diamond and keeps his sweetheart, also a professional thief.

Ulhas seems to be in luck to be all the time with Mumtaz Shanti in "Basant", a social picture of Bombay Talkies.

Pahari Sanyal and Leela Chitnis star together for the first time in "Between You And Me", a Chitra picture.

Here is a splendid example of crime glorified which will not be lost on young minds. Never before has a picture provided greater incentive for crime than this one. And to make the picture thoroughly popular the Yanks have put in Clarke Gable and Rosalind Russell, as the professional thieves.

And yet, the picture had got beyond our blind censors all over the country though it contains poison which even adults should avoid.

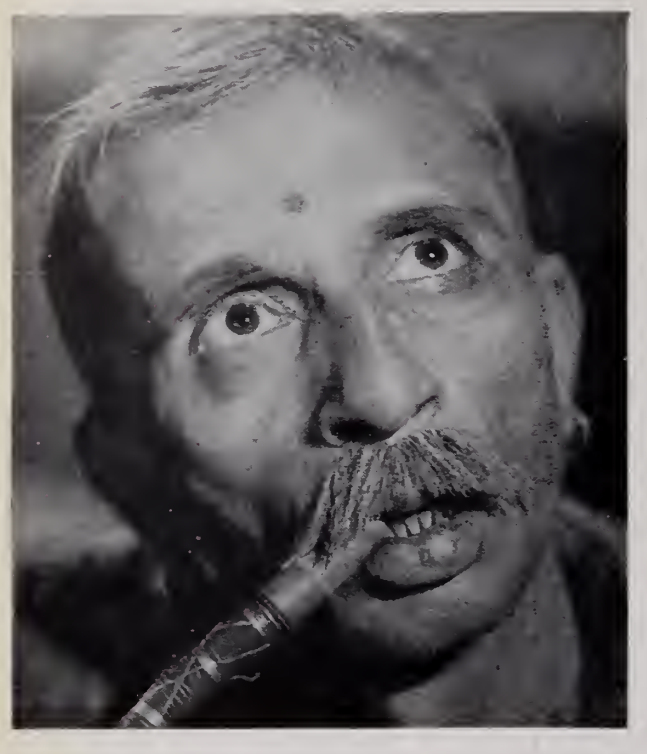
Is that not one reason why this country should be free as soon as possible so that we can at least get rid of these censors who sell their country to the foreigners, not knowing what they are doing?

A JOB FOR THE HEALTH OFFICER

Elsewhere in this issue in an exclusive interview given to "filmindia" Mr. Yusuf Meherally, the popular Mayor of Bombay, says that theatres in the city where unhygienic conditions are prevalent, should not be tolerated and some drastic action must be taken.

The socialist Mayor even suggests pulling down unsuitable theatres and feels that the sooner they are scrapped the better. According to him a place of entertainment should not be a place for breeding diseases. It should be cosy and clean.

We recommend these views to Dr. Das Gupta, the Health Officer of the Bombay Municipality and would like to know what he intends doing with some of the bad spots we have amongst our theatres.



Once a director, Nagendra Mujumdar now acts for a living and he does it too well in "Arman", a Ranjit picture.

A NEW RACKET

We understand that a dirty advantage is being taken by several people, in and outside the industry, of the situation created by the shortage of raw films in our film industry.

While every true enthusiast of our film industry deplores the present shortage of raw films, several unscrupulous people with the help of their money have managed to secure large stocks of raw films from the original importers. And now these raw stocks are being sold at double the prices to the needy producers.

Heartless profiteering on this scale can well be an offence under the Indian Defence Rules, and it will be worth while for the Government to investigate in this matter and to pull these people up under the Indian Defence Rules. The Indian film industry is giving its best contribution to the country's war effort in several ways and this sort of racketeering is bound to affect the future of the industry that helps our war.

It is rather strange how the couple of raw film importers we have in the country have allowed their stocks to go into wrong hands. There is something mysterious behind all this, and it is high time that it should be investigated.

By the way, it will be worthwhile issuing special sale licenses to the present importers for selling raw film under present trade conditions. As, unless such licenses are issued any one with money can secure supplies and carry on a profiteering racket.

We appeal to the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association to put a stop to this nefarious practice by exposing those scoundrels who take a dirty advantage of this war and who wish to exploit the industry for their personal benefit. We also appeal to Mr. A. A. Walter, the Government Representative who has been specially deputed to look into the matter of raw film supply, to investigate this matter thoroughly and insist on the government taking effective steps.

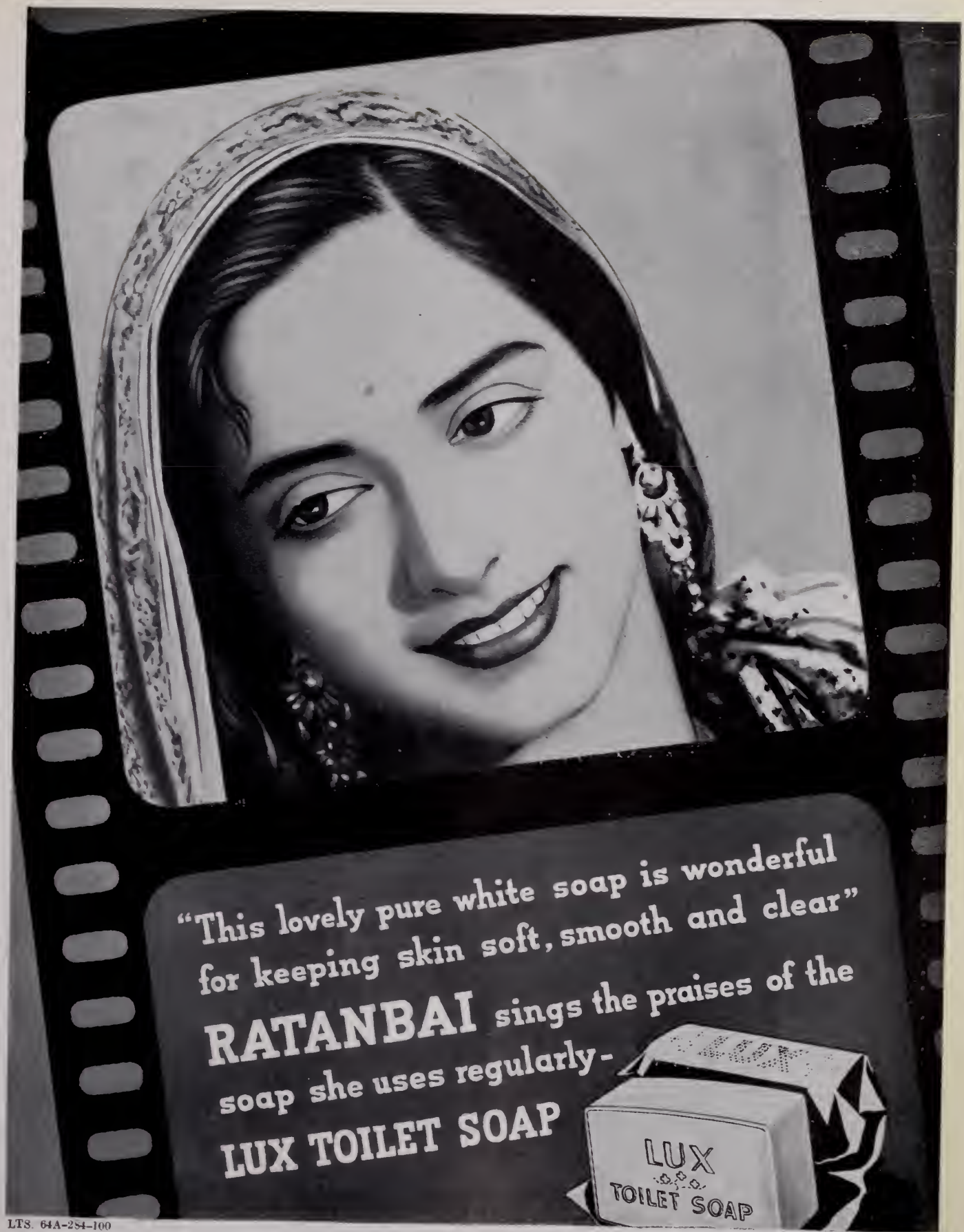
Another phase of this racketeering is the queer procedure of some people who impose an equal amount of dup negative on all who wish to purchase ordinary negative and sound. These blackmailing practices must be stopped immediately, and we would urge upon the government to issue immediate licenses to bona fide importers of raw films, at the same time penalising the sale of raw films by unauthorised persons.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO OUR STORY WRITERS

Believe it or not, we have at last come across a producer who has decided to give small and big story writers of the country a fair chance to display their talent for writing for the screen. We have been authorised by Producer-Director A. R. Kardar to announce to the novelists, dramatists and story writers of India that he would be prepared to purchase any story from rupees five to rupees five thousand or even more, if the subject deserves the price, and he would be very pleased to hear from budding or from experienced story writers at his own address.

Here is a chance for those who are interested in selling a story and waiting for an opportunity all the while complaining that producers in India do not give them a break. To these we would suggest that they should write to Director A. R. Kardar at Zaver Mahal, Marine Drive, Bombay.

Ashalata and Madhav Kale in "Sachha Swapna".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"KARAMVIR", Lahore, writes,—
"We strongly urge the public to see a film like "Masoom", because to see it is to foster Hindu-Muslim unity. Through films Muslims have known enough of Hindu life, but Hindus are still in dark about their neighbours' life. They should see this picture. For mutual understanding it is essential that both the communities should know each other well."

"CINEMA SHOW", Lahore, writes,—
'"Masoom" is an achievement greater than the greatest.'

"MOVIE FLASH", Lahore, writes,—
'"Masoom" provides the biggest fan fare. Hindu families are coming to the picture in large numbers, as for them, it is quite a novel picture.'

"CINEMA", Lahore, writes,—
'"Masoom" is a feast for eyes, ears and mind.'

"RUP-BANI", Delhi, writes,—
"The direction of the picture is so masterly, novel and artistic that I cannot help calling Mr. Hasnain a genius."

"PICTURE-GOER", Delhi, writes,—
"The direction of the film is superb and speaks volumes of Mr. Hasnain's directorial genius."

"MOVIES", Delhi, writes,—
"The film is remarkable for brilliant directorial touches and acting of a very high order."

"VISHWAMITRA" Daily, Calcutta, writes,—
'"Masoom" is a very good picture in all respects."

"LOKMANYA" Daily, Calcutta, writes,
'"Masoom" secures a special place in Indian films."

"JAGRITI" Daily, Howrah, writes,—
"Even the most strict critic has appreciated "Masoom" whole-heartedly."

"CHITRA", Lahore, writes,—
'"Masoom" appeals to Hindus and Muslims with equal force.'

"DIN O DUNIYA" writes,—
'"Masoom" is ten times better than 'Qaidi'.'

"ADAKAR" writes,—
"The most psychological and suggestive picture of the year."

"TEJ", Delhi, writes,—
'"Masoom" is a picture which gloriously brings a message of culture and civilization for all the communities.'

NEXT CHANGE AT

IMPERIAL CINEMA

BOMBAY

Distributors:

Bombay, C.P., C.I. & South: Supreme Film Distributors, Bombay.

Bengal: Empire Talkie Distributors, Calcutta.

North: Bharat Pictures Ltd., Akola.

Africa: Bombay Pictures Corporation, Bombay.

Editor's Mail

[In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.]

G. P. Kejriwal (Benares)

Why are the artistes from Calcutta flying to Bombay?

Some male artistes seem to have come because whisky is still available in Bombay. One of them, whom I know, has not opened his eyes since he arrived in Bombay. He has already rolled down six staircases within a short time. Some of the girls seem to have come to rejuvenate our distributors and rekindle in them the flame of romance.

Miss R. Reed (Karachi)

Who is Khursheed's husband?

He is a big hefty fellow. They call him Lala Yakub. He has been a film actor but he is more popular as Khursheed's husband.

Why do we have the same story in nearly all the pictures: love between a rich girl and a poor boy or vice versa? Don't these pictures become boring?

Yes, sometimes, when they overdo it. But, riches always add thrill to love while poverty lends purpose to a romance. It has always been so. Somehow the two extreme ends of life seem to flirt with each other too often in an attempt to bridge the gulf. The flirting only widens the distance and leaves the poor more poor.

Bhuvaneshwari Devi Malaviya (Gorakhpore)

I want to join the films. May I know whom to see? And how to proceed?

There is only one chance for the new comers at present and that is with Producer-director A. R. Kardar who has only recently floated a big producing company under the name of Kardar Productions. His production programme is very ambitious with three social pictures: "Sharda", "Bindiya", and "Namasthe" and two costume pictures: "Shah Jehan" and "Omar Khayyam". For these pictures he needs a number of good looking girls and boys knowing Hindusthani and with face and talent for acting. Write to him at: Zaver Mahal, Marine Drive, Bombay, sending him all the details, with a couple of your photos and if you are any good, you will be taken. But be quick. Kardar won't wait for you.

Narayana Murthy (Madras)

How many women graduates are working in our films?

Only a couple of them who have hit it well. There are many more in our universities who should take up the screen as a career but I guess they get too exhausted through sheer sex starvation parrying the boys, to have any energy left for hard work which the screen demands. They are, however, welcome if they care to come. We do want educated talent. And the girls won't be lacking in bold and chivalrous lovers who are far better than the college variety which throws merely paper darts.

Jaswant Singh (Agra)

Does Sohrab Mody know that he keeps a majority of people in the dark about his activities by not informing them through "filmindia"?

Ulhas comes to the screen after a long time in "Basant", a picture of Bombay Talkies.

FOR A SPOT OF DELIGHTFUL MUSIC & THRILLING DRAMA THERE IS NOTHING LIKE

DALSUKH M. PANCHOLI'S

KHAN ✣ DAAN

STARRING: NOOR JEHAN, MANORAMA, GHULAM MOHD, IBRAHIM, PRAN, BABY AKHTARI, AJMAL & DURGA MOTA

IN ITS **2nd Month** *at* **NEW WEST END (Bombay)**

IT HAS ALSO CHARMED LAHORE, DELHI, CALCUTTA, POONA, HYDERABAD, & SURAT.

A "FAMOUS PICTURES LTD." RELEASE

Like Greta Garbo, Sohrab is a modest person. He does not like publicity, and when his publicity manager gives him big publicity, he almost hates the man. Once they published his photo sitting in horse-back. Sohrab was so much hurt that he apologised to the horse. Sohrab is a quiet retiring person and he is afraid the wide circulation of "filmindia" might disturb his peace of mind.

E. B. Gaputator (Nowgong)

I would be very grateful to you if you will kindly introduce me to a good looking film actress? She must on no account be less than twenty.

I am afraid you will have to wait a long time for girls of that age. All our girls from the oldest to the youngest are sweet seventeen. And they will need at least ten years more to add thre years to the age. You can write to me after ten years and if one of them will have reached twenty by then, you will be introduced.

R. H. Mistry (Devlali)

The girls in my school want to know where to get the "Depilatory Wax" mentioned by Miss Hyacinth?

That stuff is called "Adrian's Depilatory Wax" and is available from "Maison Adrian" opposite Berkley Buildings, Byculla, Bombay. It is available in two packings, costing Rs. 3-8 and Rs. 5-8. Mention "filmindia" and they will send you the right stuff.

S. Dayal (Bareilly)

The rumour that Leela Chitnis is dead is spreading fast?

It is slightly exaggerated. Ask them to slow down a bit. There is still plenty of time.

Sachi K. Vohra (Lucknow)

How far is it proper, in these days of war when the supply of raw film has run short, for any studio to waste film in the production of pictures that are useless? For instance "Mehman" was sheer waste of 15 reels with no entertainment or educational value. I think that the producers should realize the present precarious position. Don't you agree with me?

I agree with the general principle but I have not yet seen "Mehman" and I can't tell you whether the picture deserves your remarks.

R. N. Murthy (Bangalore)

I want Miss Prabha's address to request her for a photograph?

Go ahead and write to Mrs. Prabha Satyakam, Sion Road, Bombay. She is an obliging type and I am sure she will not refuse.

G. Khan (Santa Cruz)

I saw Sitara at Palanpur Station. She had a monkey in her hand. Why does she like a monkey?

The last time I saw her she had Nazir with her. I guess, she is tired of Nazir.

Yusuf E. Bhooti (Rossburgh, Durban)

You know, I am interested in Leela Chitnis. Is her husband, by any chance, a pugilist?

Seeing the number of promises he has given me, I think he is a ventriloquist. He is too fine a guy to be a pugilist.

Ahmed Omar Khan (Aden)

I am anxious to meet you in Bombay. Are you?

Oh, no! Find some one else.

Prankumar Roy (Dacca)

Are you a good actor?

My wife tells me so every time I find excuses for late nights.

F. M. Bhumgara (Surat)

If a person sees films often are his eyes affected in any way?

Yes, if he sees them too often and sits too near the screen. Once a week and far away from the screen in the right corner is about the right thing to do.

S. R. Yadav (Jaipur)

Is Prabhat going to produce some more pictures or not? Or are the partners still settling their dispute?

Saigal has come to Bombay to work in the title role of "Bhakta Surdas", a Ranjit picture.

DEVOTEES OF MUSIC
WILL FIND THEIR
PRAYERS ANSWERED IN

"ZAMINDAR"

A SHANTA APTE — PANCHOLI ART PICTURE

STARRING: **SHANTA APTE ★ GHULAM MOHAMMAD**
M. ESMAIL, MANORAMA, NARANG, BABY AKHTARI,
AJMAL & DURGA MOTA

DIRECTED BY
MOTI B. GIDWANI ★ MUSIC BY GHULAM HAIDER

STORY & DIALOGUES
SYED IMTIAZ ALI TAJ

A Dalsukh M. Pancholi Production

A "FAMOUS PICTURES LIMITED." RELEASE

The dispute has been settled and Shantaram has been paid off. Shantaram is now no longer in Prabhat. The other partners have now seriously gone into production and two pictures "Ten O'clock", a social and "Ram Shastri", a historical are already on the sets. Ahmed Abbas also tells people that he has sold a story to Prabhat. That makes a third one to be produced.

Kokila N. Lognathan (Kolar)

I find the theatres in Kolar Gold Fields are awful?

What do they do with all the gold they dig out every year. Can't they spend some of it on the theatres? I think they have turned the theatres also into gold mines.

Dosso S. Couchman (Surat)

Where shall I write to get an autographed photo of P. Jairaj?

College Road, Matunga, Bombay.

Who is Mumtaz Shanti?

A new sales argument for Rai Bahadur Chuni Lall, otherwise a new pet of Devika Rani.

T. V. Subramaniam (Poona)

Would you mind giving me the private life of Ashok Kumar?

He has no private life. Do you want mine?

Nur Jehan and Ibrahim wring the screen of its last drop of emotion in "Khan Daan", a Pancholi picture.

M. K. Shirazi (Vizianagram)

Why has Motilal left Ranjit?

To work with Sabita Devi, to be directed by Badami, and to pay off his debts. That is the sum total of his present activities.

C. C. Bodiwalla (Ahmedabad)

After "Hamlet", why don't our producers try to produce other plays of Shakespeare?

Wasn't "Hamlet" enough? Poor Shakespeare! Why not let him lie in peace! Hadn't he enough trouble when he lived?

Jamshed S. Gotla (Dharampore)

I am knee-deep in love with Leela Desai?

You are still at a safe depth and careful girls also prefer it that way. Don't let the love rise higher or you will be lost.

S. C. Rao (Nagpur)

What do you think of the future of the Indian film industry?

Inspite of Mahatma Gandhi calling the cinema an evil, inspite of Jawaharlal Nehru snubbing our cameramen, inspite of some financiers being sharpers and a large number of producers being useless, inspite of our having several boot-licking journalists, inefficient directors and technicians and a hundred other obstacles, not to mention the keen foreign competition and the shortage of raw films, our film industry will still thrive and continue to play its part in the life of our nation.

A. S. P. Bhimji (Nairobi)

Where is that music director Timmir Barren nowadays?

His name is "Timir Baran". I don't know in which wilderness he is at present as I have not heard of him recently.

Sushil K. Ghosh (Margherita)

I want the address of Miss Protima Das Gupta?

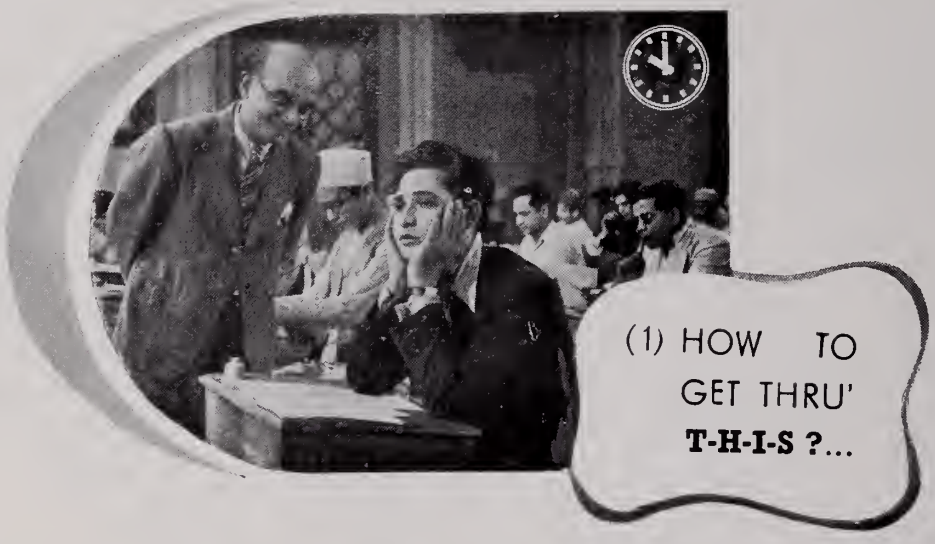
Worli Sea Face, New Worli, Bombay.

Massand J. B. (Rohri)

Why don't you answer the questions asked by Sindhis?

Because some of the questions asked can only be replied to in private and not in print. When these Sindhis learn to ask the right questions in the right way the right replies would be given. Besides, the Sindhi language which I have heard from my Sindhi friends so far does not help to grace the human tongue. I am sure there are many people in Sindh who do not misuse the language thus, but many of those who come to Bombay often prove themselves a bad advertisement for the province.

EVERYTHING'S FINE AT COLLEGE EXCEPT FOR THESE 2 PROBLEMS !



And, Still More Difficult,

Our Hats Off To The Gallant Guy Who Can "Q.E.D." Both Without A Blink Or A Bruise ! You Will Meet The Blinking, Bruised Gallant Guy In

HINDI
"दस बजे"

Pathak's TEN O'CLOCK

MARATHI
"दहा वाजता"

DIRECTED BY: **RAJA NENE**

A "FAMOUS PICTURES LTD." RELEASE!

Maya Bannerji in "Preetam", a social picture of Jayant Films distributed by Select Serial Supply.

Tirath Ram Chadha (Rawalpindi)

"Filmindia" is being sold here for a rupee a copy? Is it right?

It is absolutely wrong. Get me the proof and I shall discontinue to send copies to the agent.

R. N. Murthy (Bangalore)

What is the fate of an artiste after he or she retires from the screen?

Once a film man always a film man. . Producers when they fail become door keepers in theatres, if necessary, but remain in the industry. Artistes when they retire either become producers if they can induce someone to invest or become motor drivers. The girls are lost in the slums. This is the general rule. Exceptions are, of course, there.

Miss Tara (Chikmagalur)

What was your profession before editing "filmindia"?

I have been in the film business pretty long. Before that I was a pharmaceutical chemist. Nothing wrong, I suppose!

G. Kishin (Hyderabad Sind)

Though Surendra fails to satisfy me in that rotten picture "Garib", yet don't you agree with me that an educated actor like him with a pleasant personality and a sweet voice should be encouraged? One worthless director after another has made this artiste look poorer and poorer every day by casting him in bad pictures.

It is Surendra's misfortune. I agree with you that he deserves better success, but how can he expect it unless he steps out of the present rut and takes up work under some clever director. He will, ofcourse, have to make sacrifices.

A. S. Sangha (Jhudo)

Now that Shantaram has left Prabhat, will he start his own concern? And if so, when and where?

I really do not know Shantaram's plans nowadays. I knew everything about him when he was slaving as an artist and struggling for a name and money in addition. But now he doesn't talk to me as frankly as he used to. People with money become cautious and secretive and Shantaram is no exception. Somehow, I am used to associate poverty with art and it will take me some time to get used to Shantaram's big money seeing that I have always looked upon him as an artist and therefore a friend. I make a bad friend to the rich but I don't wish Shantaram to be poor because of that. I only wish he wouldn't be so money conscious. Money is one argument, I can't win with people. I am so dreadfully poor.

How is that you never criticise the pictures of Minerva Movietone? Are you afraid of Sohrab Mody?

Yes. Afraid that he would not be able to survive through my criticism. And I want a good modest man like Sohrab to live.

Leela Chitnis seems to be thinking in "Between You And Me", a Chitra picture.

.... Picking off the Thorns on the Path of True Love.... The screen's latest lovely pair of lovers....

BOMBAY TALKIES'

Musical Comedy Miracle.

JHOOLA

The Picture that h
boys dance onway to scho

Giving a

Producer: S. MUKERJI

The **ROX**

Song, Dance and Drama in one great breeze of entertainment !

A BOMBAY TALKIES' PRODUCTION. • *Director:* Amiya Chakrabarthy.

MUMTAZ SHANTI

the dainty dance-artiste; and

ULLHAS **the daring, dashing young hero . . . .**

with

MUMTAZ ALI, SURESH, PITHAWALA, PRAMILA.

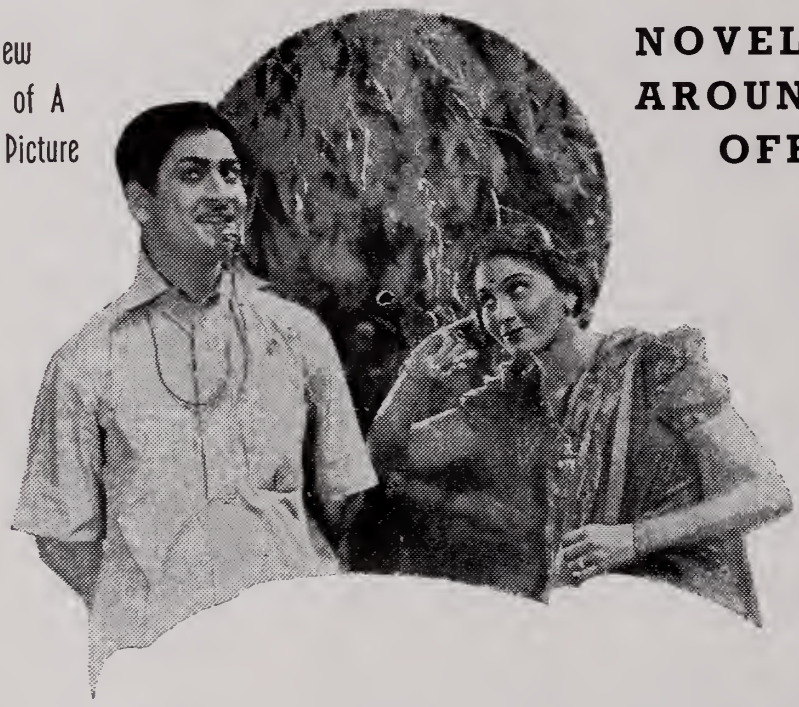
Watch the Newspapers for the Premiere Date !

BASANT

ade old men whistle at work, school
ousewives sing in the parlour !
od time yet at
lkies, Bombay, and all over India !

Hitting A Century of Public Votes
Prakash's Most Outstanding Social

New Type of A Social Picture



NOVEL STORY WOVEN AROUND THE RAILWAY OFFICIAL'S LIFE

STATION MASTER

WHICH HAS CAUGHT THE PUBLIC IMAGINATION SINCE ITS RELEASE

Starring: **Prem Adib • Jagdish • Ratnamala Umakant • Jeeven • Amirbai • Shakir Kaushalya • Pratimadevi** and others.

Story: **Pt. SANTOSHI & V. AUNDHKER**

Direction: **C. M. LUHAR** • *Music:* **NAUSHADALI**

5TH WEEK AT **MINERVA** TALKIES (Bombay)

SATURDAY, SUNDAY & HOLIDAY MATINEE AT 12-45
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Directed By **VIJAY BHATT**

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MARATHI 'BHARAT-BHET'
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19TH WEEK
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Prakash's Next Social

'CHUDIYA' **Now Under Production**

Chief Agents —
EVERGREEN PICTURES
15, Queens Road, BOMBAY

In Prison With 'Filmindia'

Creates A Dream World Of Glamour

By: D. G. Tendulkar

One fine morning, just when I was thinking of calling on Baburao Patel to sell him some photographs, His Majesty's Government thought it wise to take me under its protection as a political detenue.

For full nineteen months, the Government took the load of worry from my mind and I had not to sell articles or photographs to the different papers to keep the home fires burning.

Nineteen months in the Nasik Central prison, in the sympathetic company of comrades in distress, we all had a lonely time except when "filmindia" came on with its monthly regularity bringing to us a dream world of glamour, painted lips, often unpolished humour, but always entertainment.

THE SOLE AGENT

Joachim Alva, the advocate Satyagrahi detenue, was the "sole agent" of the "filmindia" in the Nasik Central Prison. As a shrewd lawyer he knew its exchange value to create goodwill. Within the grey, monotonous walls of the prison, anything that relieves one of monotony of jail life, even worse than that of a soldier—the same food, the same faces, whether of the fellow prisoners or of the jail officials and the warders—anything that brings in news in the broadest sense of the term, is a heaven-sent gift to the prisoners. In this respect "filmindia" played an interesting role in our jail-life. It is well-printed, full of pictures, news and views, given with a kick in them.

"filmindia" had a good exchange value in jail—say that of tobacco in the life of a convict.

Alva got it regularly because he had asked his wife to remind Baburao Patel at regular intervals. His wife conscientiously carried out her duties seeing that her husband and his fellow prisoners must get a magazine of that sort to solace them where they had no chance to visit a theatre to which most of us are addicts. Alva in return received from us other magazines to read and due to the simple possession of "filmindia" he exercised a prior claim on our mags. I must give here the devil his due. I had nothing to exchange. On the contrary, I smoked his *bidis* sometime, (Mr. Alva himself never smokes) ate his cheese once, and, was even promised a chicken treat and a "lovely pudding" which I never got. Still I must say that I could have his "filmindia" for the asking. I had a preference, because I have been a regular contributor to "filmindia" for a long time.

Mr. D. G. Tendulkar.

FRAGRANCE OF "FILMINDIA"

There were over 150 detenues and therefore circulating of "filmindia" needed ingenious methods to save it from a crowd of inquisitive young men always on the alert. The surest way to lose it was to carry it openly. A passer-by might ask for a glimpse of it. Well, you might think that this procedure was justified. But that was a dangerous step. Once you expose it to A, you can't say no to B. And remember that we were not 26, as you might be persuaded to believe because I mention alphabets and not names. We were over 150 and there was none who would not have liked to have a glance at "filmindia." And the glance meant one hour or even a week.

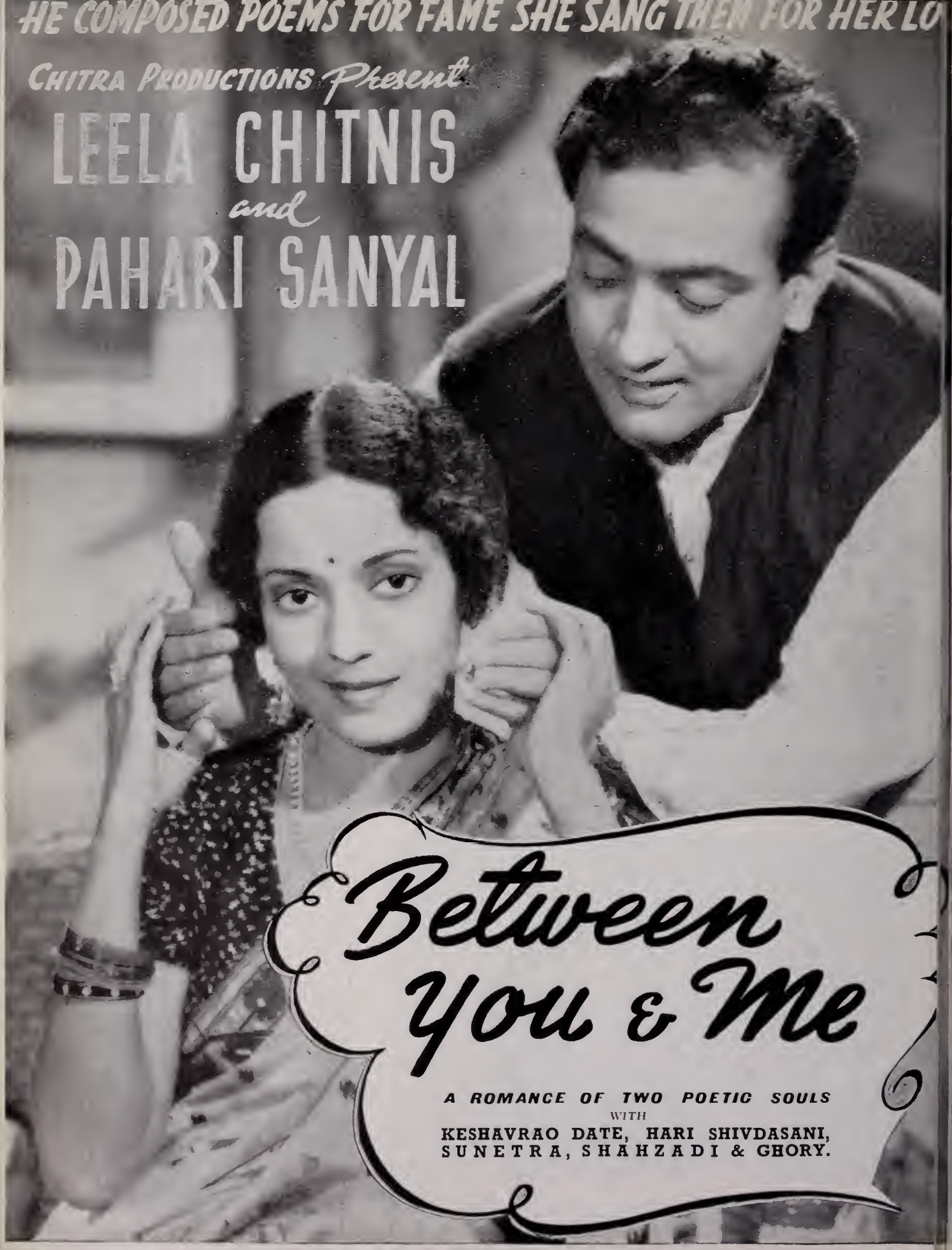
Therefore it was always advisable to conceal it under one's shirt and still better under one's trousers or dhoti. Inspite of these precautions to loiter about with the magazine was dangerous, howsoever, well concealed it was. A prisoner due to various restraints develops a keen sense of observation and smell. And fresh art paper with pictures of young and charming young actresses carries a smell of its own. Never imagine that rouge, lavender, eau-de-cologne and

Here is a tense situation from "Swaminath" a Bharat Pictures release to be shortly shown in Bombay.

HE COMPOSED POEMS FOR FAME SHE SANG THEM FOR HER LO

CHITRA PRODUCTIONS Present

LEELA CHITNIS
and
PAHARI SANYAL



Between You & Me

A ROMANCE OF TWO POETIC SOULS

WITH

KESHAVRAO DATE, HARI SHIVDASANI, SUNETRA, SHAHZADI & GHORY.

Distributors :

BOMBAY PICTURES CORPORATION
Lamington Road, Bombay.

NISHAT THEATRES LTD.
Lahore.

NEW CENTRAL TALKIES CIRCUIT LTD.
Nagpur.

JAYALAXMI FILMS
Bangalore.

what not vanish when they go into print. They haunt you with vengeance especially in jail. Therefore a magazine like "filmindia" one must carry straight to one's cell. But the danger of losing it is not over if one carelessly exposes it in one's cell. Taking away a magazine or a book without the owner's permit is no theft in jail. Like water a magazine is meant for all. Therefore it was necessary to conceal "filmindia" under a pillow or a bed and to open it when no one was within a hundred yards—you know that smell.

The safest time was naturally after the lock-up, that is after 8 p.m. for the detenues. If an illustrated magazine like "filmindia" is discovered under your bed, you start a scandal and risk your character, but don't imagine for a moment that under the same circumstances the other person would behave differently if he possessed "filmindia."

THE EDITOR'S MAIL

"filmindia" was glanced at by all and read by many. In jail nothing is read uncritically and therefore frank discussions and criticism became an essential part of jail life. The recent attack on Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was condemned by all. This film mag therefore was discussed by different people from different angles. Everyone was impressed by its swanky get-up and readable matter. Its "Editor's Mail" was read by all for its sparkling humour; some stupid questions in it and the editor's replies in such cases led certain readers to believe that the editor's notice of them encouraged further stupidity. Scandals are always popular as the war news is and therefore "Editor's Mail" which was nicknamed as the scandal corner of the magazine attracted everyone's attention. The young lawyers scratched their heads and wondered whether the editor did not risk a libel in every line. Film enthusiasts enjoyed the digs at inactive producers. Anyway the "Mail" was read for pleasure and sometimes repeated over a cup of tea. The editor's unique and refreshing style of writing is a treat in itself and repeating the juicy replies made up for the items lacking in our breakfast menu.

Editorials in "filmindia" were read for frank exposures and information of current film-industry which one does not find anywhere else. They were written with a purpose and force and one could clearly see in them the ever watchfulness of a fearless editor.

The controversy over the work of the Film Advisory Board interested me most because of Mr. Shaw, who was once a member of the G.P.O. unit which had done excellent work in documentary films in England, and who was declared a failure by "filmindia." Though I didn't believe "filmindia" then, later when I saw Mr. Shaw's work, I thought "filmindia's" attitude to be correct. It is still a mystery to me why Shaw should have failed. We were very eager to see technical articles, which would throw more light on the subject of the editorials. We attributed this defect to the lack of writers. Some of us keenly desired to fill in the gap by contributing articles which would further support the editorials which had already prepared the ground to attract readers to important subjects such as the documentary films. But we were not in a position to do so as it required special permission from the Government to continue journalistic activity for which some of us were detained without trial. The editorials were nicknamed "I accuse." The editorials were read by those who were specially interested in films and had to do with it one way or the other. To such readers it gave a mine of information. It was always a sort of "close-up" of our film industry.

What is Prithviraj worried about with a beautiful girl like Neena loving him in "Ek-Raat", a Shalimar picture?

THE WALKING "FILMINDIA"

General articles were read by many by way of entertainment and study of the mind of amateur film enthusiast. And every intelligent film-fan does believe that he has something original to say. Its purpose lies in creating more interest in films and prospective readers of serious film articles. As a result of reading these articles I would not be surprised if the Editor of "filmindia" is pestered by many ex-prisoners to give them opportunity to inflict their views and experiences in the magazine.

Film reviews were read with pleasure and regret. Regret was there because we had no opportunity to see any of the pictures described so vividly with their faults and merits in "filmindia." Copious stills tickled one's imagination more intensively. One read these reviews with pleasure because they were in a way, substitutes for the films. They were also a guide to those who were expecting release in the near future. And in jail who does not believe in release?

I remember a professor detenue tearing picture pages to decorate his cell. He read and remembered and narrated the juicy stuff often adding his own spicy comments and therefore he was nicknamed the walking "filmindia".

Thus the torn pages of the illustrated "filmindia" decorated the cells of several mirth loving romantic detenues. They were used also to scandalise saintly politicians, who also, once in a while, looked closely, though slyly, at some of the colour plates.

The one criticism of the critical readers and students of films against "filmindia" was that it did not contain sufficient serious articles. And this criticism was often bitter because they fully realized the popularity and big circulation of this magazine which could be harnessed by its resourceful editor to impart real film education. Say, something in nature of the now defunct cine-magazine "Close-up".

There should be articles on the elements of cinema technique, on music in films, acting which is so badly done in most of our Indian pictures, on the importance of realism in films, study of history, costume, architecture, and recent political developments. Film is a synthesis of arts and it should be studied in that light.

We expect "filmindia" to educate the producers and the film fans in realizing the importance of films as the people's university where education never ceases.

And still we all congratulated "filmindia" and its restless, imaginative editor for giving us original and readable material on Indian films.

THE SWASTIK OIL MILLS LTD., BOMBAY 15
Bombay Distributors: M/s. NEMIDAS DEWJEE & CO., 355, Kalbadevi Road, Bombay-2 Phone 21364

Use KANTI TOILET SOAP
for
LOVELY COMPLEXION

OUR REVIEW

Excellent Story Makes "Khan Daan" A Success

Ibrahim Gives A Thrilling Performance

Dalsukh Pancholi Scores Again

This is another picture of Dalsukh Pancholi, the producer of "Khazanchi". And though it may not bring in a big gold mine like "Khazanchi", in many respects, it is a far better picture than "Khazanchi", except perhaps in presenting popular music.

"Khan Daan" marks an all-round improvement in production values in the Pancholi pictures and we hope the future pictures will be even better than "Khan Daan".

"Khan Daan" has a story remarkably suitable for the screen, having suspense, pathos, entertainment, instruction and many other elements that contribute to a powerful drama.

After the first half hour, the picture starts moving fast to a climax through a variety of intensely dramatic situations till it reaches the grand climax, through the tears of the audience, in which Akbar, the central character of the story, dies in the arms of his son.

AN EMOTIONAL STORY

The story of "Khan Daan" is intensely human and at no stage improbable. Years before, Akbar, a respectable young citizen, goaded by a rivalry in a love affair, kills the bad girl and her paramour. For this, he is sentenced to a penal servitude. He leaves behind a young son who is brought up by the mother through precarious circumstances. His name is Amjad.

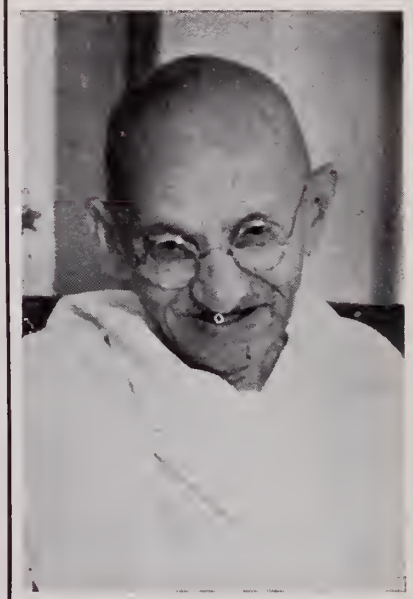
When the story opens 28 years have passed and Amjad has settled down in life, a well-to-do respectable man with a son and family of his own. He knows about his

KHAN DAAN	
Producers:	*Pancholi Art Pictures*
Language:	*Urdu*
Screenplay:	*Imtiaz Ali Taj*
Music:	*Gulam Haidar*
Photography:	*M. N. Malhotra*
Recording:	*Ishan Ghosh*
Cast:	*Nur Jehan, Gulam Md. Manorama, Ajmal, Ibrahim etc.*
Released At:	*Excelsior and West End*
Date of Release:	*25th Apr. 1942*

Director: S. H. RIZVI

At the exclusive press show of "Rai Saheb". Right to left: Miss Clare Mendonca of 'Times of India', Mr. Baburao Patel, Mr. Chotubhai Desai and Ratan Bai, the star of "Rai Saheb".

TELL US ANOTHER



In "Harijan" of the 3rd May 1942 an interview between Mahatma Gandhi and a press correspondent is reproduced.

In reply to one of the questions Mahatmaji said, "you will be surprised to hear that I have never listened in to a radio, nor have I ever been to a cinema."

The young correspondent was really amazed. "Do you think," he asked, "these things are bad?"

"I will not say so", replied Mahatmaji, "I may say that cinema films are often bad. About the radio, I do not know."

We dare not say that this votary of truth is telling a white lie, but we wonder how the old Saint of Sevagram can call a thing often bad when he has never seen it.

father's crime and has therefore nursed a grievance against his own father for deserting the family thus.

Assisted by a Hindu friend, Amjad had left his home town so that the shadow of his father's crime may not darken his own life.

Amjad is thus leading a quiet, peaceful life, in the knowledge that his father Akbar has been dead since long.

As the story proceeds, we see Akbar, now an old tired man, coming out of jail and going to his only friend Babu Ram Saran.

Babu Ram Saran knows about Amjad, but when Akbar expresses a desire to meet his son, Babu Ram Saran advises against the idea, telling him that the son thinks the father to be dead.

TOYS OF FATE

But inspired by fate, Babu Ramsaran takes Akbar to Amjad's house and there without the father knowing the son, Akbar is employed as a gardener in Amjad's household.

And now begins an emotional drama with terrific pathos. Amjad's son, Anwar, is betrothed to Zeenat a cousin of his. They are in addition in love with each other.

At this stage, Anwar meets Nargis a stage actress, who, under payment of Iqbal, a rival of Anwar for Zeenat's hand, lures Anwar sufficiently to imagine himself in love with Nargis.

Anwar's late nights, drinking bouts and strange behaviour make Zeenat miserable and cause considerable pain to Akbar who is seeing the drama of his own life being re-enacted. He is afraid of the tragedy repeating.

Unable to see it any longer, he informs Amjad and Amjad like a wise father tries to persuade Anwar. But to no avail. Amjad also tries to buy off Nargis, but she quotes too nigh a price.

However, through accident, Anwar finds out the game of Nargis and in fury goes out to kill her and her paramour. Just then, Akbar comes on the scene with the very revolver, with which he had once committed two murders, and shoots Nargis, the stage actress.

Having delivered Anwar to Zeenat, Akbar shoots himself. Lying on the lap of Amjad, both father and son recognise each other and Akbar dies with tears of joy in his fast closing eyes.

The last three reels of the story are intensely emotional and the audience is moved to tears as the drama takes one pathetic turn after another.

This picture is a story writer's triumph. The story writer keeps the spectators so busy throughout with thrilling human incidents that one misses to notice the technical defects of the picture. After all, the purpose of the screen is to tell the story well and effectively and in "Khan Daan", that purpose has been fulfilled admirably.

IBRAHIM'S STERLING PERFORMANCE

The general technical work of the picture is a decided improvement on "Khazanchi", though it falls short of the high standard attained in other Indian films.

Music is quite good, though not as popular as that of "Khazanchi".

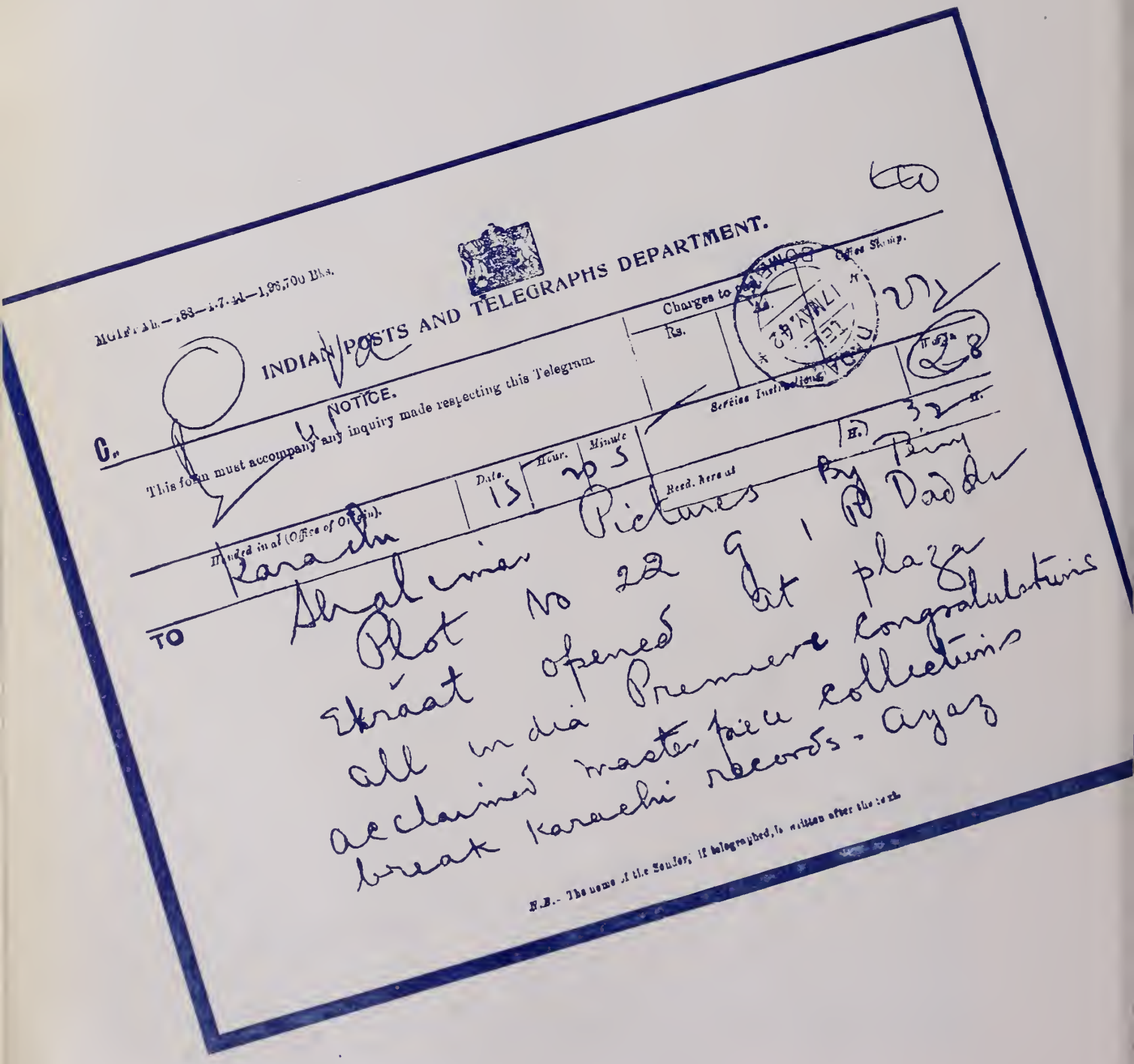
Ibrahim's performance provides the highlight of the drama. In the role of Akbar, the old father of Amjad, Ibrahim lives his role with feeling and pathos. That superb actor Gulam Mahomed is not far behind and acquits himself admirably as "Amjad".

Nur Jehan had a very sympathetic role to play as Zeenat the girl in a cloister. She makes a tardy beginning but ends as a favourite. Manorama shows experience in the vamping role of Nargis, which seems to suit her too well.

Well, "Khan Daan" presents sensible entertainment with a drama that leaves a lesson behind without actual preaching and therefore it is a picture worth seeing by all.

Jeewan and Ratnamala create new drama in "Station Master", a Prakash picture, now running at the Minerva Cinema.

KAUSHALYA—
In "Rai Sahcb", a Janak picture, this clever little starlet plays her first big role and comes out with flying colours.



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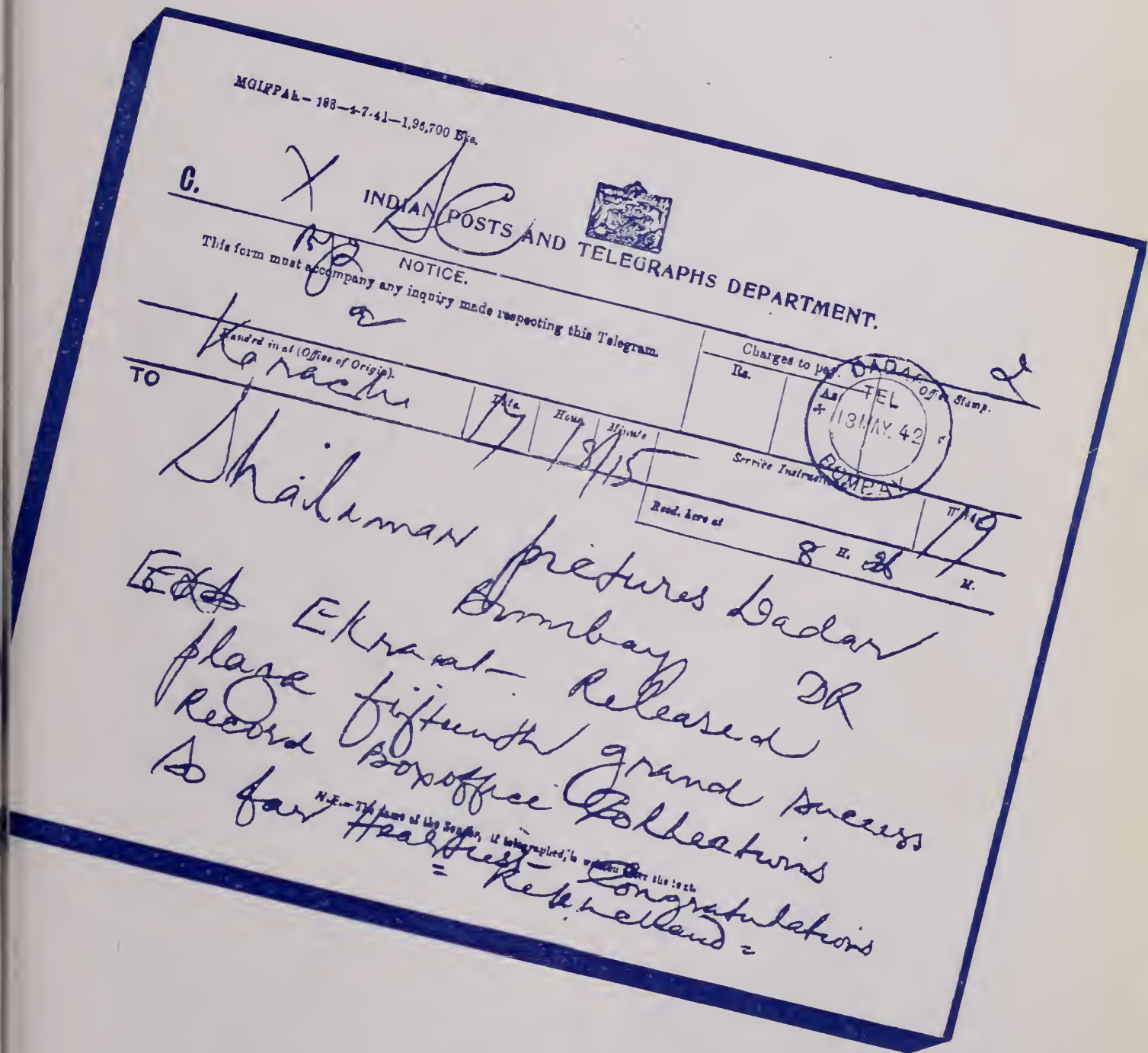

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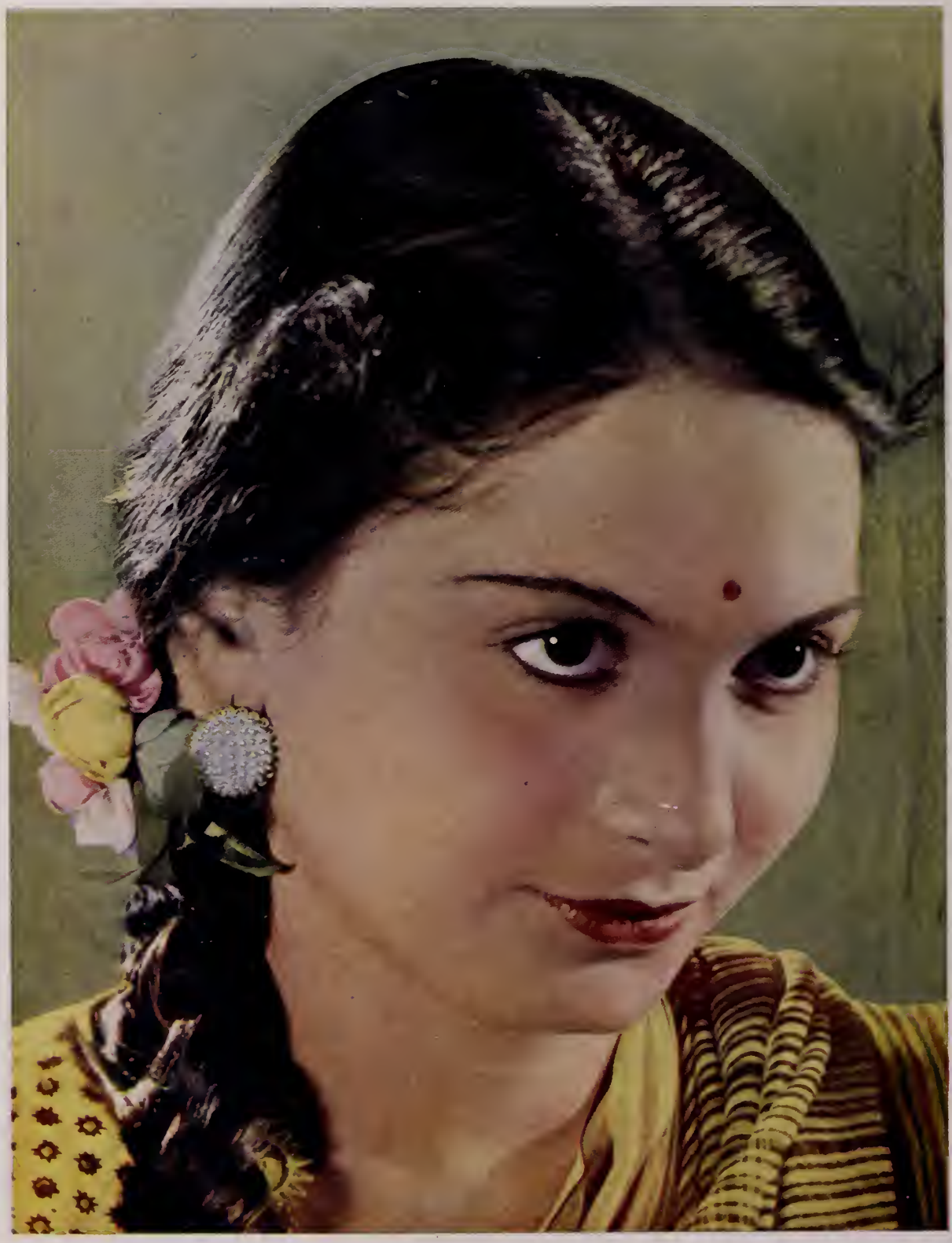

RATNAMALA—

Here is a pair of sweet eyes which a million eyes will ache to see in "The Station Master", a social picture of Prakash Pictures, now running at the Minerva Talkies, Bombay.

FAZLI BROTHERS (Calcutta)

"Masoom", their social picture, featuring Ramola, Anis Khatoon and Mazhar Khan, will be on the screen in Bombay at the Imperial Cinema very shortly. Another picture of theirs called "Chowranghee", in two versions Hindi and Bengali, has been completed at Calcutta, and by the time this is in print it is likely to be released there.

In his recent visit to Bombay, Mr. S. F. Hasnain, the Managing Director of the Company, signed down Motilal and Chandramohan, two prominent stars of Bombay for a social picture called "The College" which will be produced in Bombay at the Famous Cine Studios.

PRABHAT FILM CO. (Poona)

Under the direction of Raja Nene shooting is going on consistently of "Ten O'clock", a social story which the newly organized Prabhat Studios have taken up for production. Directors Damle and Fatehlal are also busy with a socio-historical subject called "Ram Shastri".

Still another picture which is likely to go into production almost immediately is a story written by Khwaja Ahmed Abbas, critic and journalist.

PANCHOLI ART PICTURES (Lahore)

"Khan-Daan" is drawing huge crowds at the West End Cinema, and incidentally it is a confirmed box-office success. It is a worthy successor to "Khazanchi" and is an improvement on the previous picture in all-round production values.

Director Moti Gidwani has almost finished the shooting of "Zamindar" in which Shanta Apte is featuring. This picture is likely to be completed by the middle of this month and will probably be released in the North immediately.

BOMBAY TALKIES (Bombay)

"Basant", the next social story of this studio, is now in the editing room and we are told that Ulhas and Mumtaz Shanti have given beautiful performances under the able direction of Mr. Amiya Chakrabarty.

The story of this picture has been very carefully prepared and it is expected to maintain the incomparable traditions of successes already established by this studio.

SHALIMAR PICTURES (Bombay)

News comes to us from Karachi, Plaza Talkies, that "Ek Raat", the maiden production of this company directed by Mr. W. Z. Ahmed, received a tremendous ovation when it was released at the city theatre.

It is reported that Producer-Director W. Z. Ahmed travelled with the star Neena to Karachi on the occasion of the premiere of the picture. Reports confirm that Neena is a terrific success and it is said that never before has such beautiful Urdu been spoken on the screen as Neena has done.

JANAK PICTURES (Bombay)

"Rai Saheb" was very well received at the Lamington Talkies and not only do the people seem to like it, but even the critics seem to have appreciated the picture very much. The success of this first social story of Janak Pictures provides enough encouragement for Producer Chhotubhai Desai to launch another production.

NATIONAL STUDIOS (Bombay)

"Vijay", the social story directed by Mohan Sinha, will shortly come to the Swastik Talkies in Bombay.

A bridal scene with Kaushalya as the bride attracts many people to see "Rai Saheb" at the Lamington Talkies, Bombay.

At the studios they have got a number of pictures under production. some of them being "Apna Paraya" a social story, "Lalaji" a social comedy and "Roti" the spectacular production under the direction of Mr. Mehbooo.

PRAKASH PICTURES (Bombay)

"Station Master', a social story featuring Jagdish Sethi and others has had a splendid reception at the Minerva Talkies in Bombay. The picture is steadily gaining ground and the producers expect a pretty long run for the picture at the said cinema.

At the studios, they are preparing for another social story which will go into production immediately.

RANJIT MOVIETONE (Dadar)

"The Guest" or "Mehman', a social story directed by Mr. Chaturbhuj Doshi, is released in Bombay at the Royal Opera House.

It is really difficult to count the number of pictures that are actually under production at the Ranjit Studios under the different directors. But some of them which come to my mind immediately are "Arman", a social story featuring Motilal and Shamim directed by Kedar Sharma, "Sukh-Dukh", another social subject directed by Ram Daryani and "Bhakta Surdas", a new production featuring Saigal and Khurshid under the direction of Chaturbhuj Doshi.

KARDAR PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-Director A. R. Kardar is busy making arrangements for his very first picture "Sharda", a social subject of which he has completed the paper work.

Director Kardar has planned a number of pictures and they are named "Bindiya", "Namaste" and "Shah Jehan".

AMAR PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

"Khilauna" has been well received all over the country, and now the second picture of the company "Ankh Michowli", directed by Mr. Chowdhary, is ready for the screen. This picture features Nalini Jaywant and Sulochana, and is expected to obtain a very nice response at the box-offices.

SARASWATI CINETONE (Poona)

"Avaz", a social story featuring Maya Banerji has been liked by the critics and is now running at the Swastik Talkies, Bombay. Producer Dada Saheb Torney is at present in Bombay, making fresh production arrangements for new social pictures which he has planned on an ambitious scale.

BHARAT PICTURES (Bombay)

This important distributing office has got a number of pictures ready for release. One of them is "Swaminath" featuring Shobhana Samarth which will be shortly released at the Lamington Talkies, Bombay.

CHITRA PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer C. R. Gvalani has made rapid progress in shooting "Between You And Me", a social picture featuring Leela Chitnis and Pahari Sanyal. The way Producer Gvalani looks satisfied with himself, we presume the picture is going to turn out a good box-office hit.

EASTERN PICTURES (Bombay)

"Badal", a social story featuring Zahur Raja and directed by the hero himself has at last been completed and confidential reports confirm that the picture has not only a good story, but is likely to be a good box-office success.

Already they are making preparations for the 2nd production and Producer R. S. Lakhani is busy making his own arrangements.

SELECT SERIAL SUPPLY CO. (Bombay)

Mr. Bachhubhai Raval, the boss of this distributing company, is securing new pictures for his circuit every day. Some of the latest pictures with him are "Gora Kumbhar" and "Malan".

SWASTIK INDIA LTD. (Bombay)

This influential distributing office in Bombay has secured another picture called "Mata" which is a social story and which is likely to be on the screen very shortly.

NEW HUNS PICTURES (Kolhapur)

"Pahila Palna", a social story in Marathi produced by Baburao Pendharkar is drawing large audiences at the Central Cinema in Bombay.

Mr. Baburao Pendharkar is now busy with another social comedy which will go into production in the beginning of the next month.

Lalita Pawar and Baburao Mahindrakar in "Gora Kumbhar".

"AVAZ"
of
A MOTHER
A SON
A FIANCEE
A MILLIONAIRE
A BLACKMAILER
A FILM STAR
Culminating in a dramatic – climax!
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Director – RAFIQ RAZVI
Story – A.A. DADLA B.A.L.L.B.
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ZAMIN

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(A SUBJECT OF EVERYBODY'S THOUGHT)

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Filmindia Interviews The City Mayor

Pull Down Old Theatres Soon

Mr. Meherally's Dream Theatre

(By: Our Special Representative)

"Usually municipalities in India think that their job is to have an efficient system of water-supply, drainage, roads and street-lighting. The more progressive amongst them also have facilities for medical relief and primary education. But so far as art is concerned they think it is a luxury, with which municipalities are not concerned. The bigger municipalities provide music at their band-stands—But these are bare necessities, important as they are. Cultural education should be a responsibility of municipal organization. In Europe and America, municipalities provide so many cultural amenities," observed Mr. Yusuf J. Meherally, the Mayor of Bombay, in an interview for Filmindia.

Mr. Meherally is known to many as one of the most important and earnest young politicians in India. He is just thirty-six. He has already been seven times in jail. His name was suggested for Mayoralty when he was in the Lahore Central Jail. And not very long ago he was a detenue with me for a year. His political life is full of events, and responsibilities. He has been a member of the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee since 1929, and a member of A.I.C.C. for many years. He is a socialist as every intelligent young Indian is. He is at present the General Secretary of the Congress Socialist Party. At the time of the Congress Session in Bombay and during the C.D. movement he was the G.O.C. He was the founder and the inspirer of the Youth Movement in India. There must be thousands of youths throughout India today who owe their sincere gratitude to Mr. Meherally for guiding them in selection of political literary and art books and actually providing them with the same. His astonishingly rich collection of varied books is known throughout the country.

I have said much but not enough. The youngest Mayor of Bombay is a student of art and sincere lover of Indian sculpture, painting, literature and music. There are very few politicians in India of such varied taste and understanding. His political activities are punctuated with study tours on Indian Art.

Four years ago he covered Europe and America. To study European art and politics he toured through Italy, Germany, France, England, Switzerland etc. He was in Mexico and U.S.A. and was invited to give talks on India by important organizations. He was given reception by League of Authors and Artists in America and England He was invited by people like Bertrand Russel, John Strachy, Lord Lothian, Cardenas, The Mexican President and many world-known people. He visited and studied Turkey, Persia, Egypt, Iraq and Syria.

I am afraid I have still not said enough about our Mayor. If I stop here and allow the readers to complete the picture of the Mayor for themselves I shall have put them on a wrong track. His artistic inclinations have not made him a Bohemian as one would be led to believe. He is a teetotaller, non-smoker and bachelor. In this respect he is an ideal follower of the Mahatma. Don't ask me how he reconciles it with his love for art and artistic temperament. Have I damped your natural curiosity to know what the Mayor of Bombay thinks of art-life of the city? Well, then you are completely mistaken. There are not many persons who have given so much thought to the artistic demand of life as our Mayor has done.

Mr. Yusuf J. Meherally, Mayor of Bombay.

MUNICIPAL THEATRE

Just a mention of a Municipal Theatre from me, inspired Mr. Meherally to pour out his ideas as to what Bombay needs in her artistic life.

His idea of a municipal theatre is a grand conception for any intelligent citizen. He naturally regrets that the life of a Mayor is generally too short for executing uncommon and new plans for a city. "Oh! A municipal theatre," Mr. Meherally said, "I would like to have a beautiful and suitably decorated building, specially constructed for a city like Bombay. To be more exact I would like to have a couple of buildings scattered in different parts of Bombay. Such an institution should be in the heart of Bombay and not in the swell part of the city. One in a locality like Dhobi Talao or Girgaum and another in the mill-area, say, in Parel."

His conception of a municipal theatre is something on the line of Caxton Hall in London. "The main municipal theatre, must be added on to a first class reading room, where one could get all the newspapers and magazines available in India and first class European and American journals. Also a library with books on art, music and literature, Indian as well as foreign."

A GLORIOUS SAGA OF
A SAINT WHO CREATED
GOD OUT OF CLAY !!!

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FILMS'
Devotional
Hit !!!

GORA-KUMBHAR

Starring:
LALITA PAWAR
Baburao Mahindrakar, Ratna-Mala, Nandrekar etc.,

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Direction :
ANAND KUMAR
Music :
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A YOUTHFUL ROMANCE OF A SHIP-WRECKED GIRL !!! ....

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The Most Spectacular and Vivid Background of Burma and Sumatra with All The Thrills

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"KALAKAR"

(THE ARTIST)

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SUNRISE PICTURES'
SOCIAL

"SOHAGAN"

Starring: KUMAR, KAJJAN, MIRZA, MUSHARAF, BHUDO, ADVANI, ZILLOO etc.

Direction: **J. P. Advani.**
Story: **M. G. Dave.**

SELECT SERIAL SUPPLY :: Parekh Street :: BOMBAY 4.

"In the municipal theatre itself there should be a provision of staging a good drama, exhibition of cultural, educational and documentary films. The fees for such should be nominal. The hall itself must be most comfortable and tastefully decorated with murals. There should be also an accommodation for first-class concerts and classical dances With the existence of such a Hall, a Mayor could invite world famous Indian and foreign artistes, such as Uday Shankar and Paul Robson, for a couple of performances for the benefit of the citizens. I would even like to make it compulsory that the big artistes should give a couple of free performances in a municipal theatre at the end of their posh performances in the city, to the citizens who can't afford to visit expensive shows.

"A municipal theatre must serve as a people's university for the artistic development of the masses. I firmly believe that art will appeal to all, if not at once, gradually. Classical singers and musicians like Aladiakhan and Heifitz might not appeal to the audience in Parel, but surely there is a mass of audience elsewhere who would be too glad to avail themselves of such opportunities if the charges are kept suitably low and the performances are given in a locality, not far from the heart of the city. Artistes like Uday Shankar would not only benefit the masses, but their art itself will grow and deepen by coming in contact with the toiling masses."

"I would like to have also an art gallery, where the local artistes, as well as the artiste-guests, should be able to hold their art exhibitions. In such cases the rent should be nominal, just to cover light facilities, etc. The theatre also should be available for enterprising amateurs and experimentists, at very low rents. There should also be a hall for public lectures on different topics, such as art, science, hygiene, literature, politics, etc."

"I would like to have a cosy and tasteful cafe and milk dairy attached to it, where pure and cheap milk and excellent pastry and confectionery should be procured from a municipal dairy and a municipal bakery."

A MUNICIPAL FILM

As a lover of art, the Mayor realises that the artistic talents in the city and the country are not given any scope to work and develop. He continued "I would like to have something like Works' Projects Administration in America. I would like to see our youthful and imaginative painters do murals for municipal buildings, the corporation halls, the schools etc. I would like all artistes to be given an opportunity and not allowed to rot. But unfortunately there are not *even few* who would agree with me in such projects."

I drew his attention to the fact that the citizens know so little of the varied functions of the municipal corporation and possibilities of improvements and suggested that the municipality should make a film to convey to the public its various important activities so that there will be intelligent co-operation between the citizens and the corporation. The Mayor considered it as an excellent idea.

When I asked him as to why the aid of the films was not taken to educate children and adults, the Mayor replied that in a poor country like India this is feasible only if there is a municipal theatre at the disposal of a municipality. But he agreed that suitable films are an essential part of modern education.

To my question whether he had seen any of the films made by the Labour Welfare Department of the Government of Bombay and by the Film Advisory Board, he replied that he had heard about these institutions but owing to lack of time he had not seen their films and added that though he is fond of films rarely does he get time to visit a theatre. But whenever there is an excellent picture, recommended to him by his friends, on whose opinion he can rely, he tries to see it. The pictures that have appealed to him most, just to mention a few, are: "Emil Zola", "Good Earth", "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington,', "Ninotchka" "Lincoln", "Grapes of Wrath", "Life of Beethoven". Of Indian pictures he has seen a few and the ones he liked were "Devdas," "Chandidas," "President" and a couple more. He said that several Indian pictures he had seen were splendid, but others were disappointing. No doubt there is a tremendous improvement dur-

After seeing "Basant" many fans would willingly run to do that, but by the time Ulhas will have removed the thorn and only the delicate foot may be used, though Mumtaz Shanti is known for her sweet nature.

Eastern Pictures
PRESENT
ADHARANI
ZAHUR R
URMILA
BADAL
S. NAZIR
Directed By
ZAHUR RAJA
Produced By
LAKHANI
بادل
Coming — Soon
Next
"RASTI"
KHAYAM
EASTERN PICTURE
MUSHTAQ
HUSAIN

ing last few years in the standard of production and technique and that was very gratifying but still he would say that generally they are too long, the subject matter is not fully exploited and sometimes, the treatment is conventional without a proper background of realism.

When I asked him as to what sort of themes Indian picture should depict he replied, "I would like to see life of an Indian peasant in his social and political setting—rural indebtedness, tragedies from addiction to drink, antiquated social customs etc. Then films on the evils of child marriage and unequal marriages and so many other problems of India today." In short he said, a film should educate the masses—make the issues clearer. He believes that a film with purpose could entertain the public more and serve the national ideals better than those which are built in air. Entertainment and education must go hand in hand and that has been achieved in all great works of art.

CONDEMNS DISHONEST PUBLICITY

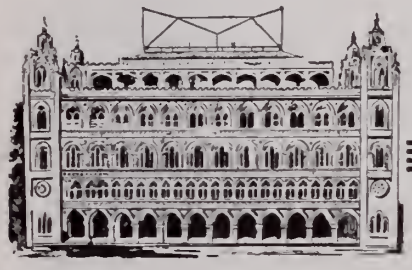
The Mayor did not approve of dishonest publicity methods of certain producers and exhibitors which misguide the public and snatch from them their hard-earned money and their hour of leisure. A wrong publicity deserves severest condemnation.

He considers the film industry should be a part of the national planning. There should be no political censorship but it is essential in case of films which create perverted interest in vices and crimes. A film of real artistic merit should never suffer from censor's scissors.

As regards entertainment tax, he opines that lower seats should not be taxed. But expensive seats should be taxed and this is done in every country.

When I drew his attention to the unhygenic conditions of certain theatres in Bombay, such as lack of ventilation etc., he said that this should not be tolerated and some drastic action must be taken. As a matter of fact old typed, unsuitable theatres should be either pulled down or they should be used for some other purpose. The municipality might pay a small subsidy to liquidate old rotten theatres. Sooner they are scrapped the better. A place of entertainment should not be a place for breeding diseases. They must be cosy and clean.

Let us hope that our energetic and unique Mayor gets co-operation from his colleagues, subordinates and the public to realise his worthy plans.



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Dipl. Ing. (Charlottenburg).
Director.

"CHOWI

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girls Aristocrats and Mada
Pampadours of mysterious Calcu

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ANGHIEE"

Anis has given the most popular songs of her career as a beggar girl.

Mehtab has sung like a lark and given a splendid performance as the princess.

Directed by
S. FAZLI

Oh "This Wretched Hindustan" Says Dr. Ambedkar!

Condemns Deification Of Men In Films!

Shatter Idols Of Rama And Other Gods

By our Special Representative)

To talk to Dr. B. R. Ambedkakr is to get an opportunity of loading one's brain with useful information of various kinds and listening to some curious views on men and things. When you get going with him, he is ready to let you talk but you prefer to let him lead, because it is to your own benefit. He is such a talking encyclopaedia.

The learned Doctor has not many interests. His only passion is reading. Even writing has a second place. He writes only when he has a call for it from within. But reading he does all time. I have often had the good fortune of consulting him on matters of public interest and it is not less often that he volunteered to dilate on them. This time I went to ask him questions about the films, their producers, his ideas about their functions and whatever else he would like to say about them.

My appointment was to see him at his house at Dadar. But as he is now in the midst of his book "What the Hindus Have Done To Us" he goes to the Bombay University Library to read and hunt up references. He had clean forgotten about the appointment and I had to find him burried in a book on Buddhism. As soon as he caught sight of me he closed his book, put his pencils and everything in a rather bulky leather bag and said "Let us go down. We cannot disturb other people here by our talk." There was no formal "I am sorry etc."

A RELAXATION TO THE HIGH-STRUNG

"It is a good change for me to have to talk on films, but I am not sure that I shall say something that is really useful or worth while. To my mind, films have a particularly important function to perform in India. Our people are too serious. They do not know how to laugh at things and themselves and enjoy life. This seriousness means concentration of nerves and therefore exhaustion of energy for no useful purpose whatever.

"Theirs is a drab, dreary existence—an imposition as it were. I have a feeling that we regard coming to life here as a punishment by God. Films are the best medium of teaching our people to see life, to laugh at it, to laugh at themselves, to indulge in self-inquiry and self-criticism. Films are within the reach of all and I wish they spread about in every nook and corner of the country, because they perform this much-needed task of providing relaxation to our highly-strung people."

Dr. B. R. Ambedkar, scholar, politician and lawyer, a friend of the underdog and leader of the Depressed Classes.

As the Doctor kept talking, two or three people passed and wished him. He was not attentive and did not respond. This naturally provoked me to a little mischievous school-boyish laughter. He thought I was doubting his statement about the extra-seriousness of Indians. So he pointed his finger at me and remarked "You doubt the truth of my statement? Take my own case. I take myself very seriously, whatever people think of me. I am often dubbed an eccentric. I don't care. Amusement has practically no place in my life. How many films I have seen, you think, in my whole life? Not more than a dozen. Don't I know that there were a hundred others, which would have done me good, if I had seen them? But I have denied myself a legitimate enjoyment. This is a kind of self--torture in which all Indians indulge and they delude themselves that they are great philosophers, believers in the emptiness of life and omniscience and omnipotence of God. My wife was such a good soul, but she thought she was committing some sin and erring against her God whenever she let herself have a hearty laugh or indulged in a little mirthful or gay talk. That is the way we are made and I hope films will act as a corrective to us."

That was the learned Doctor's way of welcoming films in our midst. When he described his late wife, I could not help feeling that he was describing traditional Indian womanhood, brought up in orthodox surroundings.

BIRTH OF AN INDIAN BABY?

Jumping on to the part, the films can very effectively play in educating the masses of this country, he said, he was not aware whether they had begun to use the films instead of the black-board and the lecturers on a very large scale in even America and Europe. He conceded that they must be doing everything in their power in Russia in their expert efficient way.

"Our people, the adults and the grown-ups and not merely childern, need to be taught for instance, in our urban as well as rural areas, how to live, take care of the body, keep away from disease. Producers of pictures in this country would be doing a great patriotic service if they made such pictures and showed them to our masses.

Wondering! Shamim adds sex appeal to "The Guest", a Ranjit picture.

"I saw a little while back a picture called "The Birth of a Baby." That is my idea of an educational and a propaganda picture. There was not a single celebrated star in that picture. All the people who were doctors, nurses, patients, husbands and wives in that picture were quite ordinary folk. With what wonderful effect, the picture teaches how girls and boys in their teens, in marital, prenuptial and post-nuptial stages should behave and take care of the new borns. What effective propaganda against abortions of the undesirable sort and in favour of birth control of the right kind did the picture contain! I wish some producing company here got permission to copy that picture, with slight alterations to suit the Indian scene. It would be a very necessary social service."

THE DOCTOR'S MISFORTUNE

"I am, in no sense a film man, not even fan. I reckon it as a misfortune. But when sufficiently advanced in life, you cannot change your habits and tastes. My only passion is books. I am a voracious and I hope a discriminating reader of them. I write a book, now and then, when there is an irrepressible prompting. But I do wish films were my passion. They are undoubtedly a far more effective and potential means of education than books. Most men have to learn by visual images, pictures of things. You make full use of all your senses, when you see a film and that makes education easier and more effective. If my message has any value to readers of "filmindia" I shall ask them to take as varied and as absorbing as possible an interest in films and their manifold uses for social well-being and social service."

Here I butted in, "don't you think that a film of the movement for the uplift and liberation of the depressed classes as it has developed till to-day will make excellent propaganda for the removal of untouchability from our midst, if some idealist and progressive producer does it ?"

"Of course it will. But our producers have yet to get out of the mythological stupidities, oddities and deification of mere men. Indeed, you are making an exceedingly welcome proposal. Instead of having the stories of Ekanath and Chokha Mela with all their eccentricities and miracles as superstitiously transferred to the screen as they are chewed with delicious devotion by our Kirtankars and Puraniks, which promote superstitions on a vast scale with 20th century apparatus, our producers will do well to depict how the depressed class movement has outgrown its humanitarian and religious shell and broken into a self-reliant movement, demanding the Rights of Men.

Producer-Director Kardar so always a good host. At the Governor's Pavilion in the Cricket Club, he gave an exclusive tea party to Producer Dalsukh Pancholi (second from left). To Pancholi's left is Shobhana Samarth and to her left is Baburao Pai and to the extreme right is the host, Mr. A. R. Kardar.

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"I would also love to find our idols, shattered on the screen. I mean idols like Rama and others must be exposed and shown in their true colours. All our stories from the Puranas will have to be completely revised in the light of modern research and presented in their correct historical perspective. I do not expect any producer to do this and incur the displeasure and disfavour of his present docile clientele. But, a documentary of our movement containing an exposure, or to speak palatably the correct representation of the role of the social reformers like V. R. Shinde and humanitarians like Gandhi, Birla and Thakkar and the Nasik and Mahad Satyagraha episodes would please me very much indeed. We are sick of merely being called Harijans, or done kindness to. We want to have equal opportunities with all other human beings and those too not merely conceded in the academic fashion of the Declaration of Rights as obtained in the Constitution of United States of America. We will never rest content until we get economic equality too, which will be secured only in a socialist society and under a socialist State. If I have my way in making a documentary of our movement, I shall find place for this idealism in it."

OH, THIS WRETCHED HINDUSTHAN!

The learned Doctor had suggested an excellent theme to our producers and as I had already taken a good deal of his time, I was about to do some hearty thanksgiving and say good-bye when he rose in his seat, put a hand on my shoulder and said "I must tell you something about a very important aspect of films. Films are to be enjoyed in a theatre. Everybody has a right to entertain himself, when he pays the price thereof. But nobody has a right to claim more."

I was wondering what new theme he had started to work upon. He was getting sarcastic, as he does quite frequently and when he is so he makes a peculiar face, puts his hands in his trouser-pockets stares at you and speaks somewhat more steadily, laying emphasis on each word he utters.

He went on, "Your purchasing a ticket for a show does not entitle you to spit your beetle-juice and worse in front of your seat, you also don't get the right to keep talking shop with your friend, to the annoyance of people sitting next to you or eat and drink while the show is on and spoil other people's clothes and enjoyment. All these things will stop only when a code of behaviour in public places will evolve. You will find in every theatre a board, telling you that smoking was strictly prohibited but numerous people would be found breaking that rule and annoying not a few non-smoking men and women. We lack ordinary courtesies and good manners which are common in Western life. When shall we cultivate them? And suddenly, he burst out in Marathi "Oh God, what will you do with this wretched Hindustan!"

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OUR REVIEW

"Rai Saheb" Draws Well At Lamington

Kaushalya's Promising Performance

Here is a drama in hypothesis which argues about the fate of the child widows in Hindu society. The plot of the story is strung together with a number of coincidences, the major one—the meeting between the hero and the heroine—stretching the imagination a bit too much.

Forgetting for a while this ersatz material on which the entire plot is built, the picture story becomes quite entertaining throughout, packed as it is by numerous true-to-life incidents.

As a picture for entertainment with instruction cleverly camouflaged, "Rai Saheb" becomes quite a worthy maiden contribution to the Indian screen.

Manorama, a young married girl of the villages, gets news of her husband's death in the city. Somehow, she refuses to believe the news and bolts from her family towards the city with the faith that she will meet her husband some day.

The hero, Prakash and later known as Ramesh, is adopted by Rai Saheb, a rich city millionaire. In his home town the parents of Prakash give up the search thinking the boy to be dead.

On the other hand, the parents of Manorama think that she has committed suicide at the news of her husband's death.

Manorama now becomes Shobha, a stage actress and plays in a City theatre. There, through sheer coincidence, she meets Ramesh—previously Prakash, her husband—without knowing who he is. Ramesh is equally in the dark.

RAI SAHEB

Producers:	*Janak Pictures*
Language:	*Hindusthani*
Story:	*S. M. Yusoof*
Dialogues & Songs:	*Wahid Qureshi*
Photography:	*Ahmedullah*
Recording:	*Behram Bharucha*
Producer:	*Chhotubhai Desai*
Cast:	*Jagdish, Kaushalya, Triloke, Ratan Bai etc.*
Released At:	*Lamington Talkies*
Date of Release:	*16th May* 1942

Director: S. M. YUSOOF

Shobha and Ramesh meet each other several times and they fall in love with each other. This love is put to the usual acid tests and many a time the heart of the audience goes out in sympathy to the heroine whose blind faith in men and their virtue is pathetically portrayed.

Ultimately the plot works itself out to a satisfactory solution in a wedding ceremony which becomes superfluous as the hero and the heroine are already married.

GOOD PRODUCTION VALUES

Considering that this is the very first production of a new producer, the picture has admirable production values.

The photography is tolerably good, but the sound called for a little more care. The songs, however, are very well recorded and do attract attention when Ratan Bai puts them over.

The best part of the picture is its excellent dialogues by Wahid Qureshi. From situation to situation, he has kept audience interest alive by suitable and sparkling dialogue which comes as a refreshing novelty after a long time on the Indian screen. We have been so much bored by tiresome, stereotyped sentences and words joined together by hack-writers that we welcome the smart stuff of Wahid Qureishi in the hope that he will do better in future.

Among the players, Jagdish Sethi and Ratan Bai easily lead the rest of the crowd of amateurs. As Rai Saheb, the rich, whimsical and pathetic millionaire, Jagdish could be said to have done well.

But at places one wishes Jagdish would not use his affected lisp and stammer so often.

Ratan Bai sings a couple of songs well and gives a popular performance in a sympathetic role. She is too good and seasoned an artiste to let down the fans.

Kaushalya, still trembling at that uncertain age, acquits herself creditably in a role which would have made more experienced stars think twice.

As the picture has the traditional good wife theme with a slightly bold deviation, it is likely to be popular both with the masses and the intelligentsia.

As an entertainment, the picture is definitely worth seeing.

Ulhas and Mumtaz Shanti make a new romantic team in "Basant", the next social picture of Bombay Talkies.

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JANAK'S MAIDEN SOCIAL PRODUCTION 'RAI SAHEB' is getting popular at Lamington, Bomba
after week. It is directed by S. M. YUSOOF and features JAGDISH Sethi, Ratanbai, Kaushalya, T
Gope, M. MUSHARAF & OTHERS. PRIOR to the release it was shown to over six hundred gues
all of them found the picture "surprisingly good".

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Hyacinth And The Mystery Woman

Doings At Neena's Dinner Table

By: Hyacinth

I am a hypocrite, a snake in the grass and the feminine version of a cad. I went to see Neena as a friend, accepted her hospitality and now I've turned traitor. She invited me to lunch along with Baburao Patel and Rita Carlyle not knowing that I was "Hyacinth" of "filmindia" and not knowing that her privacy was about to be endangered.

You and I have read about Neena as a mystery woman. We have thought of her with the same awe as we have thought of Garbo. But her's, unlike Garbo's, is not the sphinx-like type of fascination. She is just a lovely woman who wishes her private life to remain private. Unlike many stars she does not use this cloak of mystery to conceal a murky past. Why then, you will ask, have I violated Neena's privacy? I have done this because as I have said so often before, all stars are public property and when they become famous they must sacrifice privacy for fame.

Neena cannot remain a mystery forever. Her fans have given her a spectacular welcome and in return they deserve to be told something about her life. Not everything perhaps, but just enough to stop their clamouring for news of her.

I propose to provide a literary tit-bit to appease their hunger for news.

We arrived late for our luncheon date with Neena and found she was having several others to lunch as well, so in the confusion of How-d'you-do's I did not get much chance to look at Neena. When we sat down to lunch I found it even harder to get a look at her. The table was laden with food and in front of me was a large roasted chicken which obstructed my view and was altogether rather a nuisance until it was consumed by Baburao Patel who has the father and mother of all good appetites. Then I took stock of Neena. She is slight, weighing about 108 lbs. and measuring roughly 5' 2". Her hair is brown and curls at the temples and her eyes are large and light brown in colour. Her skin is clear and of an attractive light gold-brown shade. Her nose is small and straight and her mouth curves delightfully when she smiles. Without being too lavish with my bouquets I can say that Neena is better-looking even than the film industry's current beauty queen Naseem.

A large roasted chicken obstructed my view, until it was consumed by Baburao Patel.

Her's is a quiet beauty. She is not vivacious or glamourous but you are always conscious of her presence even though she sits quietly in the background and does not talk much. When we had all had a little more than an elegant sufficiency of food we retired to the sitting room where I began my career of hypocrisy. By cleverly or perhaps I should say artfully turning the conversation from beauty culture to acting and then to childhood reminiscences I managed to draw quite a lot out of Neena, poor unsuspecting girl that she is.

Miss Neena

NEENA AT THE RACES

She is 22 years old and was born on the 12th July in Aligarh. She is the eldest child in a family of six children. Her father who stayed in Lucknow was City Magistrate, then Inspector General of Registration and also Secretary to the local Government.

Producer-Director W. Z. Ahmed a great friend of theirs, persuaded Neena to become an actress. She was reluctant, because she knew there would be opposition from her family, but eventually she agreed. She was nervous at first, but soon got into the swing of things and decided acting was fun even if it was hard work sometimes.

She has made her first film "Ek Raat" with Prithviraj but the people have not seen the film generally yet. Those who have, in Karachi, rave about her performance and experts in Urdu say, she speaks the most perfect Urdu that has ever been heard on the Indian screen. Her next film is going to be called "Mun-Ki-Jeet". She is going to

Neena will probably faint when the first bomb drops.

make acting her career. She would like to play in tragedies because she finds it easier to cry for the cameras than to laugh.

Although the public has not yet seen Neena on the screen she has already received thousands of fan letters. "Filmindia' had just printed their second advertisement of Neena when she began to receive 200 fan letters a day. She went once to the Races with her friends and her fans who had never seen her acting recognized her immediately and followed her around to get a better look at her. They left the horses alone.

HER Rs. 70/- PERFUME

It was easy to get Neena to talk about feminine things like clothes and make-up. She uses only Max-Factor's lipstick and occasionally a little powder. Her favourite perfume is "Crepe-de-Chine". She has just bought a Rs. 70/- bottle of it. Her favourite colour is blue and after that she likes wearing white best. When I met her she was dressed in a full white Punjabi costume. Long loose trousers, a tunic of white lace and a transparent scarf sprinkled with silver stars draped over her shoulders. She had gold leather sandals on her feet, which come from Lahore. She likes heavy old jewellery but only wears it on special occasions.

Neena is very domesticated but prefers to supervise the house work than to do it herself. Neena likes going for walks and to the pictures but otherwise she has no other recreation.

Neena is not going to run away from Bombay if bombs are dropped because she wants to experience war. She is a nervous person and will probably faint when the first bomb drops but she is determined to stay.

She is a very modest young woman. So far her sudden rise to fame has not given her a swollen head. Her chief charm lies in her simplicity; she is a great believer in simplicity and says she will never change. Cynics will say that before very long she will become like all the other stars, sophisticated and worldly. I say 'no'.

Not even Ahmed can make me think otherwise.

She is too absorbed by her love for her friends and her family to 'sell' herself completely to the industry and become a hard and conceited career woman.

If by removing some of the mystery which surrounds Neena, I have damaged her career in any way I apologise to her. But I am almost sure that a little publicity about her private life will only serve to increase Neena's popularity and not even her Director Ahmed, with his newly-acquired and impressive moustachios, can make me think otherwise.

Seems to be quite a pleasant bit seeing that Mumtaz Shanti is looking pleased in "Basant" a social picture of Bombay Talkies.

INDIRA

By: Dewan Sharar

The caravan of Bhim Rao, a veteran warrior and farmer of Kotar, wound its unhurrying way through the barren and rocky tract of the Chandela territory. Bhim Rao was bound for Mahoba, taking with him all his worldy possessions—his money, his whole stock of cattle and his motherless daughter Indira.

Indira was sixteen years old, most beautiful, and the apple of her father's eye. He had had nothing but the tyranny of the cruel and dissolute chief of Kotar, and planned to shake the dust of his native land off his feet, and seek a peaceful haven in the neighbouring state of Chandela Rajputs.

He went through the lonely barren path with his lordly caravan, a walking temptation to any robber minded to attack. And the worst and most desperate of all so minded was one Kalu with a price upon his head.

Kalu's chance came when the caravan had reached a narrow winding way between tall rocks. There his band fell upon Bhim Rao, with swords and spears. Bhim Rao and his handful of men defended the caravan valiantly but without avail. Bhim Rao fell slain by Kalu's sword; and after that there was no more heart in them.

Indira, stricken and agonised, knelt by her father's body, clasping it in her arms, heedless of all else.

Thus she did not see a fresh company of men, uniformed, and led by a tall young captain, come up at full speed by a path between the rocks, and attack the robbers. She looked up in bewilderment as the fighting broke out afresh.

It did not last long. Kalu and his band cornered and outnumbered fought severely to the finish and died like trapped rats.

The young captain saw Indira, and came over to her. His eyes looked with wonder upon her exquisite beauty.

"Who are you, maiden?" he asked.

"I am Indira, daughter of Thakur Bhim Rao, of Kotar," she said "this was my father's caravan, and this" —her voice shook—was my father."

"I am Dharam Singh, an officer in the Chandela army," the young captain said "my commander Veer Sain ordered the suppression of this robber. My duty is to bear the tidings of his death, together with all booty found in his possession to our headquarters at Mahoba. And you, Indira—I will see that you have safe conduct wherever you wish to go."

He took her to Mahoba where Commander Veer Sain listened to their tragic encounter with the robbers and commanded in all kindness and sympathy that she be provided with a comfortable home

"I am Indira. This was my father's caravan and there was my father."

in the little village of Sher Garh near Mahoba.

Gradually, as the time passed and the first violence of her sorrow abated she began to take interest in life again. Her companions in the village were kind to her, and she made friends with many.

* * *

Of all the rising officers in the army of the Chandelas, there was none who showed more promise than Veer Sain.

And of all the maidens of the district, there was none so beautiful so popular, or so full of charm as Indira.

As she grew and her loveliness continued to increase, folks used to say that it was a pity a marriage could not be arranged between those two, so splendid a couple they would make.

And indeed Indira had looked upon Veer Sain and admired him greatly; and Veer Sain had looked upon Indira and thought that he had never seen such beauty. But Indira was in love with Dharam Singh.

Dharam Singh was handsome and courageous and a trifle arrogant, and very much in love with Indira. Indira on her part thought him marvellous. She was greatly given to hero-worship. It was in her blood; she was a Rajputni, and the little village of Sher Garh was famous for the mighty warriors it bred. So when war broke out afresh with the Bhatti Rajputs, she bade him farewell.

"Come back soon and with yet more honours, Beloved," she said.

Ah, let us be betrothed and married as soon as I return, Indira. This will only be a little war, not a long campaign," said Dharam Singh, holding her close. "Why should we wait longer?"

"Why, indeed?" said Indira; and so it was settled.

* * *

But the little war against Bhattis became rather a big war. It stretched on, and did not look like finishing in a hurry.

On a summer night when the war against the Bhattis was nearly two months old, she found herself sleepless; and went to her window and leaned out looking into the shadowy garden and thinking of Dharam Singh.

Suddenly, she was aware of a faint sound at the far end of the garden. She strained her eyes to see; and presently discerned a man's dark figure that crept stealthily nearer, halting at length beneath her window. Then a face was upturned to her and a beloved voice spoke her name.

"Indira!" said Dharam Singh.

Indira waved a swift hand to him in signal, and raced a tip-toe down the stairs. In the dim garden she felt herself gathered tightly in her lover's arms.

"But, beloved, how has this come about?" she asked presently. "I thought there could be no leave for any soldier until the fighting was over?"

He laughed. "There is not. If there were, why do you suppose I came to you thus by stealth. I could bear the seperation no longer, Indira; I was starving for the sight of your face. In a very little while I must go back. If my absence is discovered I am a ruined man."

"You deserted your post?" Indira

"I loved you so dearly until to-night", she said, "but now I hate you. Go and never come again near me."

said incredulously. She stood back a little, searching his eyes. "You —you did that?"

"You threw your honour away when you slunk off from your post in the dark, like a coward! And you a Rajput. Oh—" Her voice broke with the stress of her anger and disappointment. "I loved you so dearly until to-night; but now I hate you. Do you hear? Go; and never come near me again as long as you live."

She turned and left him; and he went without another word.

* * *

Indira did not tell anyone the real reason of her break with Dharam Singh. She merely said that she has ceased to care for him, which was true. That one unthinking folly of his had killed her love completely. Perhaps it had never really been love at all, though she had thought it so, but only glamour.

Dharam Singh, his midnight escaped undiscovered, got himself transferred to another regiment, in a different part of the line, as far from Mahoba as possible. Thence, when the war against the Bhattis ended (so far as war against the Bhattis ever did end), he was sent to another station many miles away. And Veer Sain, coming home to Mahoba at the head of his men, victorious, his honours thick upon him, learned that Indira was now heartwhole, and proceeded to pay court to her.

They spoke sometimes of Dharam Singh. Veer Sain had known the young officer well. "I wondered at the time why he insisted on being transferred," he said. "Now I understand. There is nothing but sorrow to be gained by dwelling on the site of past happiness."

About the time the spring came round again they were married.

The guests had barely left, when a messenger galloped up and halted at the door, demanding speech with Veer Sain, telling him that he was urgently wanted.

Veer Sain smiled ruefully at his bride. "On this night of all nights. Do not be lonely, Beloved, I shall not be very long."

He departed after the messenger, and she heard the beat of his horse's hoofs diminish along the road.

Alone in the bridal chamber, she considered the future with grave shining eyes. She was inexpressibly happy. She went over to her mirror; it showed her a very exquisite face, with softly parted lips and starry eyes.

Suddenly, her heart gave a leap that seemed to shake the whole of her body.

There was no sound whatever in the room; but there was a movement reflected in the mirror.

The door of the bridal chamber was slowly, noiselessly opening! A man entered, tall and young, with his hands poised on the hilt of his sword; with the light sheer hatred flaming on his face—Dharam Singh!

With infinite stealth he came a little nearer; and a little nearer yet. She saw his grasp on the sword-hilt tighten in readiness. In a moment he would strike.

In that same instant she had decided on her course of action.

She suddenly wheeled, confronting him, with a convincing little exclamation of surprise. He halted, his sword half-way out of its scabbard, startled to bewilderment by the expression on her face.

She did the last thing on earth that he would have expected her to do. At sight of him her eyes widened amazedly, her lips parted in a sudden, joyful incredulous smile. She cried "Dharam!" in a voice that rang between happiness and tears. All in her bridal garb as she was, she ran straight forward into his arms. She flung herself round his neck.

"Dharam!" she said again. "Dharam, beloved, I thought I was never going to see you again! Oh, why, why did you wait so long, and come back too late?

His arms closed round her.

She suffered his embrace, and his eager kisses on her hair. She rested her head on his shoulder as if she had long yearned in vain to do so.

"Once I swore," said Indira, with a break in her voice, "that I hated you. It was false."

He caught her hands in his.

"Indira, you are mine, and not his!" he said with sudden passion. "You shall never be his! You love me still; you admit it; come away with me, then; or else let us both die here and now by my sword."

"Ah, wait, Dharam!" she cried. "This is no light choice you ask me to make. Either to be false to my marriage vows—and my ho-

"Do you suppose I let you touch and hold and kiss me?" she cried.

nour is very dear to me—or to die —and I do not want to die."

"Choose," said Dharam Singh inexorably.

For answer she dropped her head and came slowly over to him. In silence she hid her face against his breast. One small hand caught one of his and pressed it wordlessly against his cheek. The other—but Dharam Singh did not see it—stole downward by her side and closed upon the hilt of his sword.

The next instant she had sprung back, the sword in her hand, confronting him with blazing eyes.

"Now touch me at your peril, Dharam Singh!" she said.

Dharam Singh gave a stifled exclamation of fury; but she paid no heed.

"It would be no more than you deserve if I were to kill you for to-night's work!" she said low and fiercely, "do you suppose I let you touch and hold and kiss me for any other reason than to save my own life? Begone, and quickly."

* * *

Dharam Singh made no move to go. Instead, he snatched suddenly at the sword, grasping the hand with which she held it. They struggled for its possession. He twisted her wrist and she could feel her grip relaxing. She made a desperate effort and lunged forward with all her strength; and felt the blade's point meet something that offered but little resistance, and that for a second only. Dharam Singh without a word staggered backwards and fell full length across the bed, his own sword through his heart.

There was a noise of hoof-beats outside; a clatter of footsteps up the stairs. Veer Sain flung the door wide; and stood transfixed at what he saw.

Indira turned to him with a faint, wordless cry; and he caught her as she fell.

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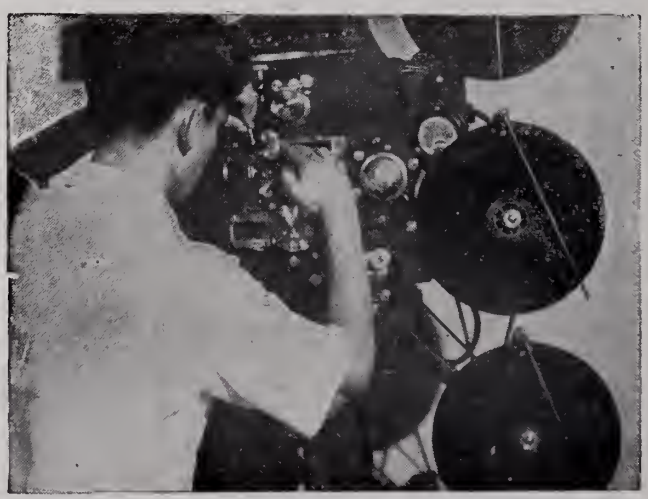

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Oh! This Business Of Stars And Fans

A Tip To Indian Valentinos

Have you ever written a fan letter to your favourite star and had no reply ? Have you ever seen a screen hero on the street and delighted called out to him only to have him give you, an icy stare ? If you have then you've probably got a nuts-to-all film-star's complex. You have our sympathy because although we have met too many stars to be a fan we know what it feels like to wave to someone who ignores us and to have to pretend we were just flexing our fingers all the time.

But while we agree that you have reason to feel peeved we also feel that we should say something in defence of the movie darlings. We are not an admirer of them but we do like to see fair play so we are going to give them their due.

You fans may argue that is is people like you who support the film industry and keep the stars where they are and that therefore the stars should always be ready to make friends with their fans.

Now in a way this is true, because without their fans to swell their public where would the famous actresses or actor be ?

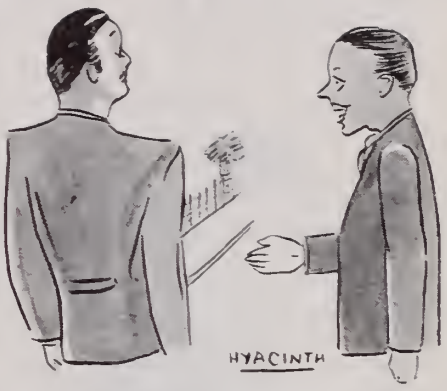
On the other hand, the stars will argue that they are paid only to make films and that once their day's work is over they have a right to some privacy. They feel that they should be allowed to live like normal citizens and no respectable citizens ever make friends with any Tom, Dick or Harry who chooses to call out to them. In a way the stars are right. They are paid only to make films, but they must realize that all public figures can keep their popularity at the expense of privacy.

THE MODEST TYPES

Their fans see them on the screen as wonderful glamorous people who seem to belong to a make-believe world and when they see them in the flesh their natural impulse is to squeal with delight. Now there are some fans who not only squeal with delight but also start gesticulating and calling out the star's name so that crowds of people turn to stare or call out to the unfortunate actor or actress. There are some quiet unobtrusive stars like Prithviraj, Devika Rani and Leela Chitnis who might be embarrassed by publicity such as this. Some natures shrink from too much limelight. But these sauve quiet stars feel kindly towards their fans and would really like to be friends with them if it could be done in a quiet way. They would not mind a lone fan going up to them and asking for their autograph or stopping them just to say "Good-morning" and how much he liked their last picture.

—to pretend we were just flexing our fingers all the time.

Remember, among the actresses are many shy retiring girls who seem gay and bold on the screen but who in private life would shrink from strange men like any modest Indian girl. Many actresses have had unpleasant experiences with fans which prejudice them against them. Some have had fans calling at their houses at all hours to see them,



—only to have him give you an icy stare.

while others have been man-handled by rude pushing crowds of fans. These stars I have just mentioned are nearly all the movie kings and queens who are really serious about their work and would like to be friends with their fans but hate too much publicity.

But on the other hand there are some actors and actresses who feel it is beneath their dignity to mix with the common rabble and treat with disdain any advances their fans might make. This type deserves to slide down to the bottom-most rung of the ladder of fame.

Then there are those film darlings who make a great show of pretending to dislike publicity. Actually they glory in any attention they get from their fans because as a rule those belonging to this type are the up and coming stars who need just a little more public approval before they can arrive. You will find actors of this type doing their best to look conspicious and 'filmy.' They wear loud checked shirts, long hair with side burns and drive about in noisy flashy cars. They are a cheap lot and inwardly wallow in any attention they may get from their fans.

PRESENT THE KOHINOOR

Now let us consider this business of fan letters. How many of our stars have secretaries and therefore find it difficult to correspond with their fans because they have so little free time. But there are some stars who are just too lazy to bother to reply. These stars are doing their careers a lot of harm because each

—a nice long personal letter in reply from her.

unanswered letter may mean one fan less in their following.

Many fans write foolish impertinent letters to the stars and should never expect replies to them. Which respectably married actress likes to receive or would know how to reply to foolish letters? But any fan who writes a decent sensible letter to his favourite star has every right to expect a reply. Often as I have said before he does not receive one because the star has no time to reply.

In this case he should either stop writing or do something to make the star sit up and notice his letters. If he knows an actress collects precious stones and he possesses the Kohinoor diamond then he might write and tell her, he'd like to give it to her and then I am sure he'd get a nice long personal letter in reply.

Without stars there would be no film fans and without film fans there would be no stars. They are dependent on each other. But let the fan remember that the longer his favourite star remains a stranger to him the longer will the star's fascination last. For to know a star intimately is to realize that stars are after all just ordinary human beings.

Then let the film star remember what Valentino and Robert Taylor have suffered at the hands of their adoring fans and be thankful that star-worship is still in its infancy in India.

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What Wives Should Do With Hubbies

Hyacinth Prescribes Iced Pyjamas

With the temperature zooming to impossible heights, steam rising off the pavements and war news making our blood boil we are in such an over-heated state, we wouldn't be at all surprised if we suddenly burst into flames.

Desperately our thoughts turn to ways and means by which we may lessen the hot weather sufferings of our fellow men and cool our own perspiring frame.

First of all, we have come to the conclusion that men suffer more in the hot weather than women do. Consider the problem of the perspiring male. He rises in the morning feeling limp and unrefreshed after a stuffy night and steps into starched clothes with long sleeves and tight collars. Then he must hurry through his morning meal and get on to an overcrowded bus full of sweating humanity which will take him to a stuffy office. Here at the office the only breeze that will reach him will be from a slow working fan which he has to share with three other workers. For seven hours he sits at his desk trying to concentrate on his work while little rivulets run down his collar and his prickly-heat becomes particularly vicious.

She can lie in a tub of cold water until she is pleasingly cool again.

When his work is over he gets into another overcrowded bus and goes home. What does he do at home? He snaps at his wife, is irritable with his children, flings off his clothes, has a bath, refuses his food and gets into bed where he lies awake thinking ugly thoughts about bosses who don't provide air conditioning. Yes,he has a lot to put up with the average working man.

KEEPING THE HUSBAND COOL

And what of his wife? She has a much easier time. Everytime she feels hot she can lie in a tub of cold water until she is pleasantly cool again. Within the privacy of her home she can walk about in little

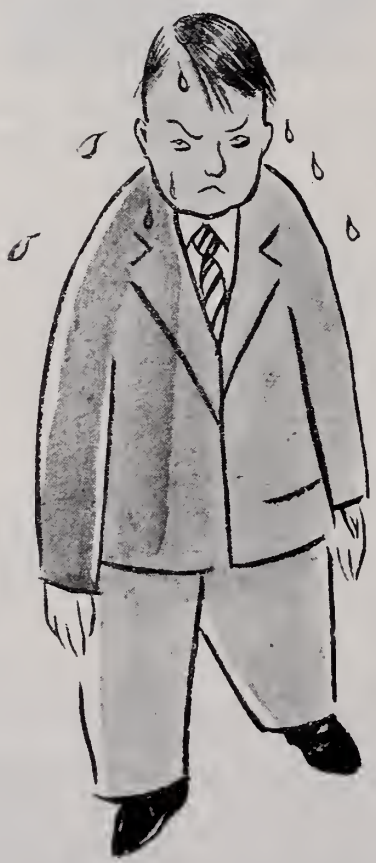
more than her birthday suit if she pleases. She can go about her household chores leisurely. She has no slave driver of a boss watching her like her husband has. It should be her job to keep her poor husband as cool as possible but she should begin by always looking delightfully cool and fresh herself. A man does not feel any less irritable when he comes home to find a greasy faced perspiring wife waiting for him.

May be, we can help you to keep cool. If you have a placid sweet sort of nature you stand a much better chance of resisting the heat than a hot-tempered excitable person. So you must try to keep calm and unruffled during the hot weather. Don't lose your temper or let anything upset you. Think pleasant thoughts instead. If you can keep cool mentally then part of the battle is won already.

Next see that your house is a cool one. Get rid of dark curtains or bed covers which only draw heat. See that every room has a fan which works and get yourself a refrigerator if you haven't already got one. If your budget does not rise to a refrigerator then buy an ice-box because you've just got to have ice. Give your husband plenty of long iced drinks, iced lemon juice, iced coffee and iced fruit juice. Cut down spicy foods which are heating and give him plenty of fresh vegetables and fresh fruit. This will keep his inside cool and yours too if you follow the same diet.

Spray every bit of exposed skin with Eau-de-Cologne.

Now your bath. This is the time when you must really wallow in your bath. Plenty of cool water with a large splash of eau-de-cologne in it, freshly scented soap and a liberal sprinkling of bath powder to soothe your prickly heat. Lastly don't forget your deoderant to keep "B.O." at bay. See that your husband has an equally refreshing bath when he comes home. You can however omit the feminine touch from his by buying him an unscented bath powder if he has prickly heat or leaving out the bath powder altogether if he hasn't.



Consider the problem of the perspiring male.

ICED PYJAMAS

Frighten your dhobi into leaving the starch out of your husband's shirt and collars. Anything stiff and uncomfortably around his neck only add to his discomfort. Now about your own clothes. Wear the airiest most transparent saris you can find and let them be light coloured ones please, because as we've said before dark colours attract the heat.

Frighten your dhobie into leaving the starch out of your husband's shirt.

Buy yourself a large scent spray and fill it with eau-de-cologne. Eau-de-cologne is cheap and is one of the few perfumes which don't turn stale with age. Spray your neck, face, hands and every bit of exposed (unexposed too, if you like) skin with it. You'll feel beautifully cool and smell like heaven.

When your husband comes home in the evening and you've given him a nice cool bath and a nice cool drink, coax him into taking you out. Go for a walk by the sea or go for a drive if you have a car (and the petrol) but don't let him sit at home and think about the heat.

If you can, take him to the cinema. If you can't find an air-conditioned theatre then look for seats under a fan. Choose a nice gay comedy which you can laugh at.

When you come home and it's time to go to bed surprise your lord and master by producing an iced pair of pyjamas for him to wear. (You've kept them wrapped in paper in the refrigerator all day). He'll go to bed thinking that hot weather isn't so bad after all and also that you're a swell wife.

As we've said before it should be a wife's job to keep herself and her husband cool. If he always finds her looking as fresh as a daisy and smelling better, he'll begin to think he's imagining the heat. Once you've got him feeling this way your battle is won and lady, you're a real heroine!

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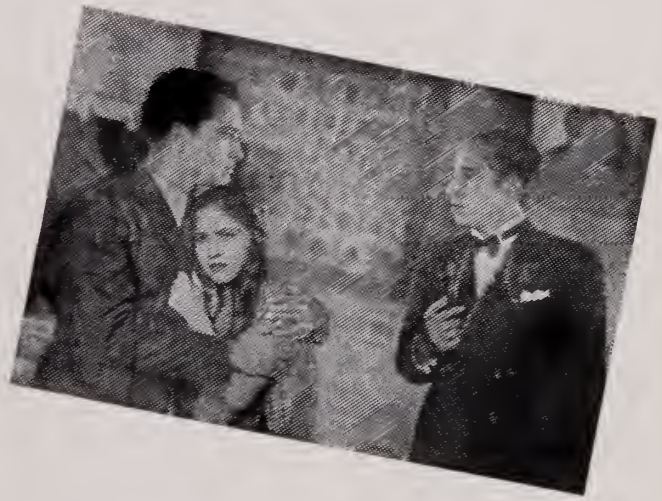

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